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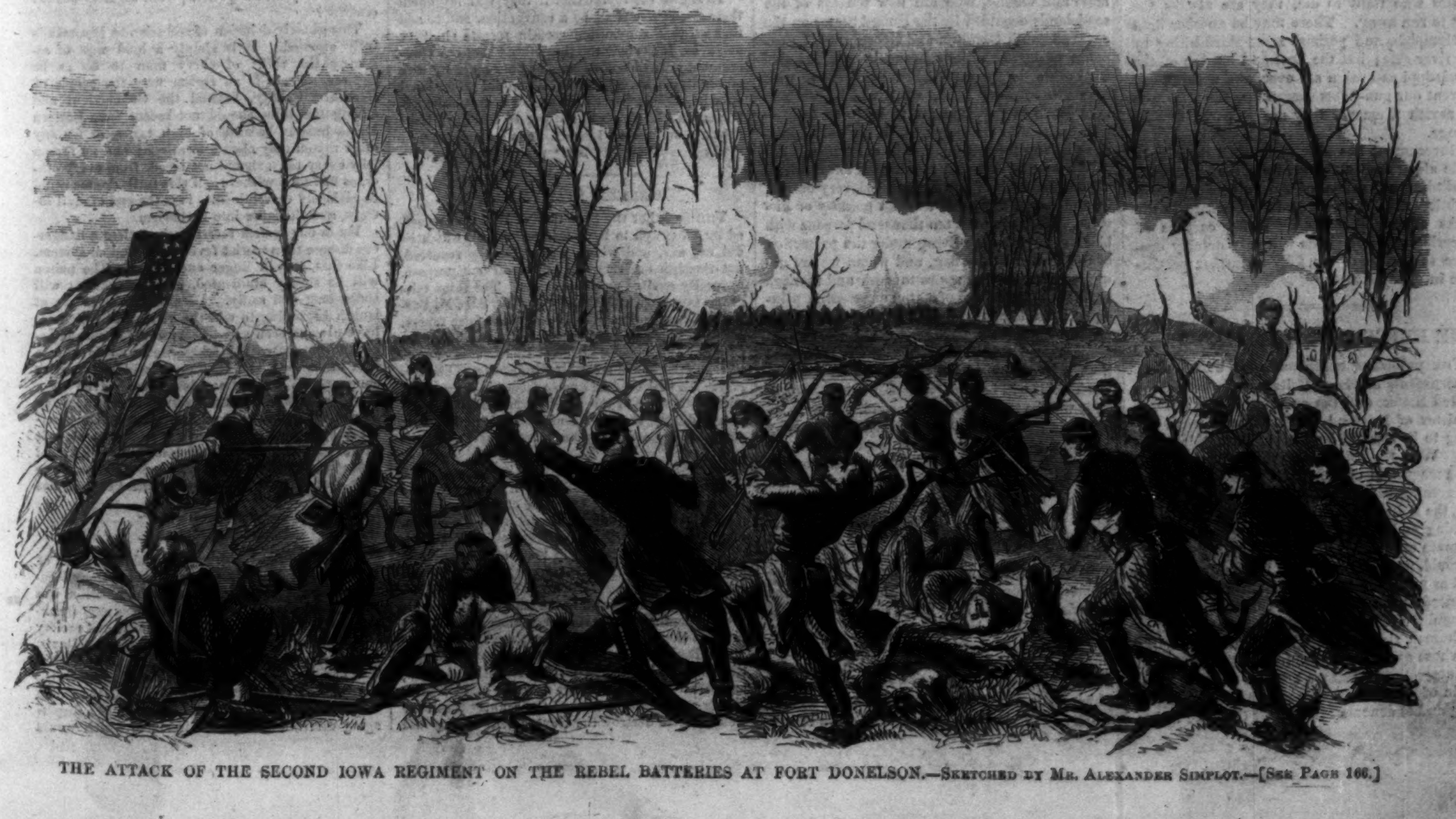
GENERAL VIEW OF FORT DONELSON.—Sketched by Mr. A. L. Rawson.—[See Page 166.]



THE ATTACK OF THE SECOND IOWA REGIMENT ON THE REBEL BATTERIES AT FORT DONELSON.—Sketched by Mr. Alexander Simplot.—[See Page 166.]

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.

WE devote page 168 to illustrations of MEMPHIS, Tennessee, from sketches taken before the war by our famous artist, Porte Crayon, of Virginia, now an officer in the army of the Union.

Memphis is now the only large city in Tennessee which is not in the hands of Union troops. It stands on an elevated bluff on the left bank of the Mississippi, at the head of ship navigation, 790 miles by the river from New Orleans, and 240 from Cairo. It is the termination of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, and is a place of much business activity, being the distributing point for the produce of West Tennessee. The rebellion has probably ruined it. The following extract from a Cairo letter gives an idea of the state of affairs there at present:

> The Memphis papers repeat the old catch-words about fighting till every man, woman, and child is killed, and the impossibility of subjugating the South; but abound in rebukes to the people for their lethargy, and implore them to fly to arms. They denounce with great bitterness citizens of Memphis for refusing to take Confederate money, and at the same time paying a premium of 25 per cent. for "Lincoln Treasury notes;" and one of them adds: "We warn these men to make their peace with their Creator, for this city will never be abandoned with them in it!" Even a year of the reign of terror has not produced "unanimity" in Memphis.

ADVERTISEMENT.

☞ THE Publishers of *Harper's Weekly* congratulate their readers upon the appearance in this Number of the first part of a new serial tale entitled "NO NAME," by WILKIE COLLINS, Esq., author of "The Woman in White." Its opening gives promise of the same wonderful power and matchless dramatic skill which entranced the readers of "The Woman in White." It is seldom that a periodical is enabled to furnish its subscribers with such a series of attractive tales as have appeared consecutively for the past two years in *Harper's Weekly*, from the pens of Dickens, Wilkie Collins, and Bulwer. The commencement of this tale affords a good opportunity for parties residing in the country to form clubs, and obtain *Harper's Weekly* at the reduced price of subscription.

The crisis which the war has reached imparts fresh interest to the war-pictures which are appearing in every number of *Harper's Weekly*. We have now regular Artist Correspondents, to wit:

MR. A. R. WAUD, with the army of the Potomac;
MR. ALEXANDER SIMPLOT, with Gen. Grant's army;
MR. HENRY MOSLER, with Gen. Buell's army;
MR. THEO. R. DAVIS, with Gen. Sherman's army;
MR. ANGELO WISER, with Gen. Burnside's army;

besides a large number of occasional and volunteer correspondents in the Army and Navy at various points. These gentlemen will furnish us faithful sketches of every battle which takes place, and every other event of interest, which will be reproduced in our pages in the best style. People who do not see *Harper's Weekly* will have but a limited comprehension of the momentous events which are occurring.

The circulation of *Harper's Weekly* being now over 120,000 copies each week, it is the best advertising medium in the country.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1862.

THE MISSISSIPPI.

THE evacuation of Columbus, and the rout of the force lately gathered in Tennessee, render it certain that before the month of March expires the flag of the Union will float triumphantly over the waters of the Mississippi from the Delta to Cairo.

There has been a great deal of blatant talk at the turbulent city of Memphis about burning down houses and "dying on green sods;" but when it comes to stern reality it turns out that each man wants to burn somebody else's house and to leave his own standing; and as to the parties who want to die, they are always the first to run away. There may be another fight at Memphis, and perhaps some skirmishing by the river side; but the heat and burden of the Mississippi campaign are over, and nothing can prevent our gun-boats descending the stream to its mouth whenever they are prepared for the voyage.

Government has already granted permits to trade along the Cumberland and the Tennessee. A similar relaxation of the rule of war will doubtless shortly be granted in reference to the banks of the Mississippi. A few cargoes of groceries and dry goods will very quickly convince the rebels of the folly of further persistence in disloyalty.

THE BRITISH AND THEIR PRESS.

THE published correspondence between the Governments of Great Britain and that of the United States, and the speeches of the Foreign Minister of England in Parliament, leave nothing to be desired by the people of this country. With the single exception of the precipitate recognition of the rebels as belligerents on the evening before Mr. Adams arrived in London, the British Government seems to have done nothing and to have said nothing to which legitimate exception can be taken in this country. It would, perhaps, have been more consistent, as well as more politic, for the British to have pronounced at the outset of the contest against the recognition of a power based on the corner-stone of human slavery, and the essential principle of whose system was perpetual and infinitesimal disintegration. But we have no right to complain of this. We had no more right to expect England to denounce our rebels than she had to expect us to denounce the Irish insurgents of 1848. She has pursued from the start a policy, which, however impolitic in our opinion, has been strictly fair toward the United States according to the law of nations.

How comes it, this being the case, that the tone of the British press has been so uniformly hostile toward this country, and so grossly unjust and malignant?

We must conclude, in the first place, that British journals are not as well informed as journals of equal standing in this country. It is evident that neither the *Times*, nor the *Post*, nor the *Globe*, nor the *Herald* have been in the secrets of the ruling party in Great Britain. They have falsified the purposes and intentions of their own Government as grossly as they belied ours. The discovery confirms the statement of a recent British writer, who says that, in England, newspapers are despised by the ruling class, and their writers are sometimes suffered to gather the crumbs which fall from great men's tables, but are never permitted to take seats, or to share the confidence of those who do.

How came it that, while the British Government was disposed to act fairly by us, and the interests and honor of the British people were obviously concerned on our side, the British press should have so unanimously taken the part of the rebels?

There are but two possible explanations of this phenomenon. One is, that British newspapers are more accessible to corrupt approaches than leading journals here, and that the rebel envoys expended money freely in the purchase of British journalists. Here, it would be impossible to secure the favor of the leading journals by the use of money. It may be that the rule is different in England, and that the *Times, Post, Globe, Herald, Saturday Review*, etc., etc., can all be retained by a judicious use of bank-notes.

The other explanation of the phenomenon is suggested by the normal misanthropy of the British. Englishmen hate every body in general, and almost always somebody in particular. Their favorite object of hatred and abuse for the past ten years has been the Emperor Napoleon—the best friend England ever had: him they have vilified and misrepresented and traduced with a malignity and a cowardice scarcely credible. Since the rebellion broke out here, we seem to have succeeded the French in the disfavor of the British, and it is possible that the English papers have abused us merely in order to pander to the national taste for vilifying some one, and so maintaining the national character.

Whatever be the secret of the wicked language used by the London journals in reference to this country for the past six or eight months, they have certainly achieved two results: first, they have utterly discredited themselves, and emancipated us from the provincial respect for British opinion which was previously cherished here; and secondly, they have sown seeds of discord which will render it extremely difficult for the leading statesmen of this country to settle the next dispute with England without a war.

THE PORT ROYAL FACT.

ON Monday last the steamer *Atlantic* sailed from New York for Port Royal with a cargo of clergymen, schoolmasters, and schoolmistresses, Bibles, school-books, agricultural tools, sewing machines, etc. The cargo was destined for the use of some 10,000 persons with black skins, male and female, who are now tenants of the sea-islands occupied by the United States on the coast of South Carolina and Georgia. The expense of it was chiefly borne by a charitable institution lately established at Boston, with branches at New York, etc.; which, we will take leave to say, appears to us to be fully as well entitled to the support of benevolent Christians as any foreign mission in existence.

We take it that this is a GREAT FACT, which all the fine talk of pro and anti slavery orators in and out of Congress can not gainsay or dissolve. Here are over ten thousand persons with black skins, who are living under the protection of the United States flag, and whom we are going to educate—the males to work and manage sea-island plantations of cotton on scientific principles; the females to sew and comprehend domestic economy; both to read, write, cipher, and realize moral and religious obligations. In a short time this colony of ten thousand persons with black skins will be twenty thousand, and by-and-by it will be two hundred thousand. Now it inhabits two or three extremely fertile and happy islands; presently it will monopolize all the outlying islets and will probably encroach on the main land itself. For facts of this kind are of their nature progressive. Civilization and Christianity take no steps backward.

It strikes us that if some of our leading men would be so good as to forget for a while their own importance, and the necessity of keeping themselves constantly before the apple of the American eye, this Port Royal fact would, without their aid, achieve, quietly and noiselessly, without bloodshed, and without rapine or violence, some of the extremely desirable results for which they are so fatiguingly clamorous, and which it is the business of this great war to achieve. If we contribute a small share of our substance to impart to those unfortunate persons with black skins, who are thrown by the rebellion upon our tender mercy, some portion of the educational and moral advantages which our enlightened laws secure for the meanest of our own people, Providence will probably render them the instrument of effecting a revolution which will change the face of American destiny.

It has been proposed by some well-intentioned but weak-minded people to deport these persons with black skins to various islands or continents very far away indeed. And it has also been proposed by some evil-intentioned but strong-minded people to deport—not the persons with black skins, but other persons with white skins who are in arms against us, and have cost us already more than a thousand dollars apiece, to other continents or islands still further away. It is impossible to say to what straits this Government of ours may by-and-by be reduced. It may go into the transportation business for a living. When it does, these rival propositions will doubtless be fairly considered. Meanwhile, the GREAT FACT at Port Royal stares us in the face, and until some better thing can be suggested, we hope that every body who can spare a dollar will help to send Bibles, and spelling-books, and teachers, and sewing machines, and cotton gins, and other implements of civilization there, for the benefit of these poor persons with black skins whom this atrocious rebellion has thrown upon our hands.

THE LOUNGER.

CONDITIONAL LOYALTY.

WE are not of those enthusiasts who suppose that the rebellion is to disappear in a night. Its roots are in all the strongest human passions—pride, ignorance, prejudice, interest, and hatred. The rebels are practically united; for there is doubtless much less Union feeling in the Cotton States than there was Toryism in the old colonies at the Revolution. There may not be much practical Terrorism in the rebel section, for there is no need of it. Indeed, the Union feeling of Tennessee and Kentucky is probably half conditional loyalty. In other words, it is not an unreserved acceptance of the Constitution, with the candid intention of abiding by it—but it is a candid intention of abiding by it if it works agreeably to their wishes.

Now one thing is clearly essential in the final settlement of this war—and that is, that the principle of armed rebellion against the result of a constitutional election must be utterly annihilated. Any thing less than that is the absolute triumph of the revolution. If, while they are still in arms, the rebels should say that they will lay them down upon condition that they can have certain guarantees, and those guarantees are given—then, of course, they conquer, and the precedent will be established that a defeated party has only to appear in arms to secure what they want. Any other terms to rebellion than those offered by General Foster at Roanoke and General Grant at Fort Donelson—"immediate and unconditional surrender"—are a betrayal of the Government and the end of civil society.

If when that surrender is made, and the leaders of the bloody and causeless revolt have been dealt with as the national justice may decide, and the ordinary, peaceful operations of life are resumed, a convention should be constitutionally called, and changes in the fundamental law should be constitutionally made, there might be regret, but there could be no complaint of foul play. If no changes should be made, and the convention dissolving, the people should acquiesce in the result, it would be clear that peace had been actually secured.

To say to the rebels that if they will lay down their arms there shall be a convention, and to add that at that convention certain results shall be achieved, is to show to all mankind that our Government is an imbecile sham, and our apparent love of country a lie. Such an act would be national suicide. Whoever advises such a course, if he understands himself, is the worst of traitors; if he does not understand himself, he is a zany.

Conditional loyalty is a "pretty good" egg.

A REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

THE fact that the Secretary of War was reported by telegraph to have said something which he did not say, and which was evidently reported, not through inadvertence, but to serve a purpose, naturally excited public concern. The same telegraph presently sent the name of Mr. S. L. M. Barlow, of New York, as the author of the false report. Mr. Barlow denied it immediately; and being accused by the *Tribune* of secret treasonable sympathies, he published a card in vindication of his loyalty. In that card he quotes from his correspondence with some of the rebel leaders and their advisers, during the winter of 1860-'61, and in that correspondence there is one most remarkable passage.

Mr. Barlow is known in the city as an active politician of the strongest Southern sympathy. He is known beyond the city as one of the few gentlemen who, at the time of the John Brown excitement, hastened, with more party zeal than knowledge, to implicate the great body of their political opponents in the direct responsibility for John Brown's enterprise. They sought especially to implicate Mr. Gerrit Smith in the matter, but upon his prompt summons to them to establish their charge in court they made an ample apology.

Mr. Barlow is further known as one of the gentlemen who, before the last Presidential election, and when the men who are now the rebel leaders openly and solemnly warned the country that they would try to destroy the Government if they did not succeed at the polls, still supported those leaders in every way, and endeavored to carry the election under a threat of revolution.

Mr. Barlow is also known as one of the gentlemen who entertained Mr. W. H. Russell, LL.D., upon his arrival in this country last winter, and who supplied him with that view of the public sentiment which he depicted in his first letters to the London *Times*.

Upon the other hand, when it became clear to Mr. Barlow that his political friends at the South were about to do what they had frankly declared they meant to do—but what they would certainly never have attempted but for the position of open sympathy and support in their threats which Mr. Barlow and his friends occupied—then, as appears by the extracts of his correspondence now published, he vainly sought to undo the work he had done. He wrote to the South that armed resistance to the Government would result in a united North. The 13th of April justified his words.

But the remarkable passage in this correspondence which has suggested these observations is as follows: In a letter of the 27th of November, 1860—three weeks after the election—Mr. Barlow wrote to a gentleman then in the Senate, having, as he believed, great weight with the Southern leaders: "What will be agreed to in my judgment is this: a Convention *to alter the Constitution, so that the just rights of the South shall be maintained by the Constitution itself*, and forever removed from the arena of politics in Congress."

In other words, as the rebel leaders proposed to destroy the Government because they could not constitutionally get what they wanted, therefore the Constitution should be changed to give it to them. Peace was to be secured by the surrender of the Government to a threat of revolution.

Mr. Barlow doubtless spoke for many citizens then, and when opportunity offers he and they will again, of course, be ready for what is called a compromise. The next question therefore is, whether the change of the Constitution, for the absolute immunity of slavery, which they were willing to yield to a threat of revolution, they will be willing to grant to that revolution actually attempted for a year, and shown to be futile and hopeless by its very cry for compromise; or whether, in common with other loyal citizens, they will insist that the Government shall be unconditionally maintained, and this method of appealing from the ballot to the bullet shall be hopelessly and forever defeated?

GLOOM.

THE weakness, and sadness, and dispirited querulousness of Davis's inaugural address will have struck every reader. By the side of the brisk impudence and cool falsehood of Mr. Speaker Bocock the inaugural is hopeless and tame. It was not necessary to hear that the day was rainy and that there were no cheers, for the speech is all gloom, and has no cheer in itself. The wretched man spoke more truly than he thought—"The day, the memory, and the purpose seem fitly associated." The day was dark; the memory was of perjury; the purpose was injustice.

The daily papers will have already followed his poor equivocations, his spiritless misrepresentations, with searching eye and scorching finger. But there is one point at which every man will smile. It is his remark, that "This rule of voluntary association, which can not fail to be conservative, by securing just and impartial government at home, does not diminish the security of the obligations by which the Confederate States may be bound to foreign nations. In proof of this, it is to be remembered that at the first moment of asserting their right of secession, these States proposed a settlement on the basis of a common liability for the obligations of the General Government."

But if every State secedes from the confederacy, who pays the debts of the confederacy? And if, being purely voluntary, you can not coerce a State to fulfill its joint obligations, what security has the creditor?

This ghastly delusion of secession at last stands fully exposed. It is simply a loud way of asserting the right of every man to do as he chooses. There is no reason why the people of Berkshire County, beyond the Connecticut and among the hills, should not secede from Eastern Massachusetts because of high taxes, or for any other reason they choose to allege; and no reason why every town should not secede from every other, as fast as it wishes to, if this futile dogma could be seriously entertained. It is the end of civil society, and the lapse into barbarism.

Yet in our system secession is no less a dangerous disease than scarlet fever in the human system. Like that, it will linger and linger. The poison will be slowly eradicated, and the patient will suffer long and sadly. Because our arms are at length beginning to win the victory of which we have always been sure—because the anaconda begins now to contract his folds—we are not to suppose that all is over, and that peace will return with summer. When the sea has been heaved by a storm so fierce as this, the waters will long toss and roar. We have shown and are showing our patriotism by our valor; we have hereafter to show it by our patience. To rout the enemy of our national peace finally and thoroughly, the nation has yet to wait longer than the army on the Potomac has waited.

HOPELESSNESS.

IN his inaugural address, the saddest speech of the times, Jefferson Davis, with more circumlocution than Stephens, declares that the rebellion was undertaken to save slavery. Stephens says frankly its object is a system of government and society of which slavery shall be the corner-stone. Davis, more mealy-mouthed, says,

"The people of the States now confederated * * * * believed that to remain longer in the Union would subject them to the continuance of a disparaging discrimination, submission to which would

be inconsistent with their welfare and intolerable to a proud people."

And again:

"To save ourselves from a revolution which, in its silent but rapid progress was about to place us under the despotism of numbers, and to preserve in spirit, as well as in form, a system of government we believed to be peculiarly fitted to our condition, and full of promise for mankind, we determined to make a new association, composed of States homogeneous in interest, in policy, and in feeling."

Now what tyro in knowledge of human nature and of history does not see that, as a mere matter of self-defense, such an "association" could never be allowed by a neighboring nation separated by no natural boundaries? If the old Monroe doctrine is true, that the peace and security of this nation were threatened by the presence of any European power upon our borders, what is to be said of a huge slave-breeding and slave-working empire divided from us by invisible lines? The constant tendency of that empire would be to a gradual occupation by the servile race, and consequent barbarism.

Common sense and the instinct of self-preservation settle the question of "a new association of States" for the increase of the slave population.

"GENTLE WOMEN."

It is a curious inquiry whether Mrs. Greenhow, and the other utterly treacherous women who have done all they can to bring blood and ruin upon their countrymen—who have been the most faithful and zealous spies, working to betray the lives of loyal citizens and the liberties of all of us to the bald and remorseless tyranny of the rebellion—are "the gentle women incarcerated for opinion's sake," of which Davis speaks in his melancholy inaugural.

WHO IS WHO?

In reading the dreary debates of the spectral Congress at Richmond the eye occasionally falls upon a familiar name, which suggests instructive reflections.

During the Presidential campaign there was a gentleman from Tennessee who, not to speak it irreverently, was "hawked" about the Northern States as an orator, upon no other ground than that he was grandson, or grand-nephew, to the great Virginia orator of the revolution—or that at any rate his name was Henry. This gentleman was taken to public meetings to tell the people of the Northern States two things: one was, that his great ancestor talked nonsense when he spoke against the patriarchial system of living by the labor of other people whom you did not pay; and second, that we must all cling to the Union, the Constitution, and the enforcement of the laws.

Now, as our minds were and had been for some years quite made up on the business of making people work without wages, and selling their children to pay our debts, it seemed unnecessary to enlarge upon that point. But he had his say, and departed when he was ready by rail indeed, but not exactly in the way that Northern orators, had they made corresponding speeches in his part of the country, would have left by rail. Then, in the second place, as no serious talk was heard and no threat uttered against the Union, the Constitution, and the enforcement of the laws above the line of Mason and Dixon, it was impossible not to feel that the gentleman had brought his coals to Newcastle.

Of course the orator is now a secessionist, as John Bell is; and in the proceedings of the Richmond Congress you shall read the name of Mr. Henry, of Tennessee, as a Senator—the same gentleman, as we are informed, who came to harangue us upon our duty to the Union and the enforcement of the laws.

The moral is plain. "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord! Lord!" It is not enough to cry aloud your own virtue. It is not enough to use the words that express devotion. There is many a man now who bawls, suspiciously loud, "Union, Union, and the enforcement of the laws!" Study him attentively when you hear him. You see what Henry meant. Wait and see what he means.

AN ENGLISH CRITIC.

The paper in *Fraser* upon the American question, by John Stuart Mill, is one of the ablest statements which our troubles have occasioned. Mr. Mill is well known to every scholar and reading man as one of the chief English thinkers of the time; and his clear perception of the causes and consequences of the struggle, with his curiously-accurate appreciation of all the delicate distinctions of our system, and the essential differences of our parties, show his peculiar fitness as a teacher of the English nation at this moment.

A cardinal value of his paper is the clearness with which he shows that the existence of this Government is the security of all the reforms for which patient and humane men wait. He says that while it is not a war for emancipation, its end is, inevitably, the end of slavery. But whether that end will be suddenly effected by the military hand, or left to the development of peaceful debate, he thinks, and thinks justly, is a question to be determined by the rapidity with which our arms advance. Should the war last a year longer, he sees that in the sheerest self-defense the nation will strike frankly at its cause. But so long as the army is constantly successful, public opinion will not justify the "extreme measure."

The wisdom of the paper is the more remarkable from its exact agreement with the views of the wisest men among ourselves. That a fatal blow at the root of the rebellion is the true method of peace—that the right way is the best and the shortest way, no man who is free from party rancor doubts for a moment. But such men are few; and such men are also wise enough to see that great measures in this country must be the result of popular conviction. To be permanent and peaceful, all great changes must be justified by public sentiment. The ferocious party-spirit that seven years ago repealed the Missouri Compromise was too blind to see this. That was a trick sprung upon the nation, and the unanimous vote of the Free States for Mr. Lincoln was the logical and inevitable consequence.

Party leaders in this country are not despots. They lead only so long as they understand the general tendency of the party to which they belong. The force of drill and organization will of course carry any party beyond its convictions. But the change will have already commenced. Thus the old Democratic Party was really smitten with death in 1848; but it wore the semblance of a crown for twelve years afterward. And all the young men in the country who, led by the desire of political success rather than by true patriotism, have within that period allied themselves to that party, can now see plainly enough that it was not the vigor of life but the spasm of death that gave it an air of energy.

For if the democratic principle be indeed trustworthy, the constant tendency of an educated people like ours must be toward greater Justice and surer Liberty, and not toward Despotism and Slavery. Consequently, if democracy were true, the Democratic Party was doomed. Every faithful follower of the party cry must have constantly and wonderingly asked himself, "How is it that I am a Democrat, or friend of human rights, and yet am constantly and by party command voting for and with men who openly scorn those rights?" Such a man would very soon ask himself whether vinegar is sweet because it happens to be labeled molasses.

The lessons of many years and of human nature will not be lost upon us at a time when we are at once peculiarly honest and sagacious. Mr. Mill sees it clearly. All loyal Americans feel it. The statesman is the man who sees in what way, and how far, that which is desirable may be made practicable. The article will appear in *Harper's Magazine* for April.

"NO NAME."

The new novel of Wilkie Collins begins in this day's paper, illustrated by John M'Lenan, whose characteristic and admirable illustrations of "The Woman in White," especially that of Count Fosco, were themselves creations. Mr. M'Lenan has a peculiar appreciation of the genius of Mr. Collins, who has taken his place among the most popular and powerful of living English novelists. None of them has written a tale of more singular, absorbing, and powerful interest than his "Woman in White," and the opening of the present story has the same clear, calm, startling detail of narration. It has a Tenier's fidelity and healthy color. The picture of the country home and the quiet family circle is curiously distinct. Nor does the opening number end without plunging the reader full into the necessary mystery. Thus the beginning is like the commencement of a trial, in which we know that the developments will be both strange and fascinating. The power of the author has been proved by "The Woman in White," and all the readers of that story will want no exhortation to begin with the beginning of "No Name."

It is one of the remarkable illustrations of the opportunity of influence offered to a popular author at this day that if we allow seven readers to each copy of the issue of the present number of the *Weekly*, the opening chapters of Mr. Collins's story will be read by more than nine hundred thousand readers.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

If a disagreeable fellow insists on sharing your house with you, take the inside for your share, and give him the outside.

The geological character of the rock on which drunkards split is said to be *quartz*.

A doctor's wife attempted to move him by her tears. "Ah!" said he, "tears are useless. I have analyzed them. They contain a little phosphate of lime, some chlorate of sodium, and water."

When a pickpocket pulls at your watch, tell him plainly that you have no time to spare.

A hint to ladies with gray hair. Never say "dye."

The least objectionable soup for cannibals—a broth of a boy.

"Is Mr. Brown a man of means?" inquired a lady visitor of Aunt Betsy. "Yes, I should think he was," replied Aunt Betsy, "as every body says he's the meanest man in town."

Why do our soldiers need no barbers? Because they are regularly shaved by the Government contractors.

We are never satisfied that a lady understands a kiss unless we have it from her own lips.

Man's happiness is said to hang upon a thread. This must be the thread that is never at hand to sew on the shirt-button that is *always* off.

Mrs. Chibbles has great ideas of her husband's military powers. "For two years," says she, "he was a lieutenant in the horse-marines, after which he was promoted to the captaincy of a regular squad of sapheads and minors."

A wit once asked a peasant what part he performed in the great drama of life. "I mind my own business," was the reply.

"Pa," said a lad to his father, "I often read of people poor but honest; why don't they sometimes say rich but honest?" "Tut, my son," said his father, "nobody would believe them."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Tuesday, February 25, in the Senate, the bill providing for the occupation and cultivation of cotton lands in possession of the United States was reported back by the Committee on Territories, and an amendment limiting the appropriation to twenty thousand dollars adopted. The bill providing for the confiscation of the property of rebels was then taken up, discussed, and finally postponed. The bill authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to issue certificates of acknowledgment of debt to public creditors was passed.——In the House, the Senate bill authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to issue certificates of indebtedness to public creditors was passed. A bill amendatory of the Articles of War, so as to provide that all officers in the military service are prohibited from employing any of the forces under their respective commands for the purpose of restoring fugitives from service or labor, escaping from those who claim such service or labor to be due to them; and any officer found guilty, by court-martial, of violating this article shall be dismissed from service, was reported from the Military Committee, and passed by a vote of 83 to 42. The Senate bill reorganizing the cavalry service was amended by reducing the number of regiments to fifty instead of forty, as provided by the Senate, and then passed. The bill authorizing the Postmaster-General to establish a postal money order system was also passed, and likewise a bill designed to allow the transportation of light articles through the mails, for the accommodation of soldiers, at the rates of book postage—one cent per ounce. A bill to tax the salaries of public officers was referred to the Ways and Means Committee. A resolution was adopted instructing the Committee of Ways and Means to inquire into the expediency of levying a tax of three per cent. per pound on cotton, and making such a lien thereon; persons and corporations to be prohibited from carrying or transporting the same until the tax is paid.

On Wednesday, February 26, in the Senate, petitions in favor of a general bankrupt law, and for the emancipation of slaves, were presented and referred. A bill establishing a railroad and telegraph line from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean was reported from the Special Committee on that subject. The bill providing for the occupation and cultivation of certain cotton lands in the possession of the United States was taken up and discussed. The consideration of the question of admitting the new Senator from Oregon, Mr. Starke, whose loyalty is questioned, to a seat in the Senate, was then resumed, and Senators Sumner, Cowan, Davis, Wilmot, Carlile, and Sherman participated in the debate, but no definite action was taken on the subject. The bill fixing the number of members of the House of Representatives under the new apportionment was amended so as to make the number 249, and then passed.——In the House, Mr. Voorhies, of Indiana, asked leave to offer a resolution commending the sentiments and policy of General Halleck, as announced in his General Order of the 23d instant, already published, as eminently wise and patriotic, and in strict conformity with the Constitution, and that the war should be conducted in accordance with the same, and that the thanks of Congress are tendered to General Halleck for said order, and for his military achievement as commander of the Department of Missouri. Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois, objected, and the resolution was consequently ruled out. Mr. Van Wyck announced his retirement from the chairmanship of the Government Contract and Revolutionary Pension Committees. The case of Mr. Upton, who claims a seat as representative from the Fairfax district of Virginia, was taken up, and discussed till the adjournment. The House concurred in the Senate bill fixing the number of Representatives, under the new apportionment, at 249.

On Thursday, February 27, in the Senate, Senator Davis introduced a substitute for the Confiscation bill, which was ordered to be printed. The bill to increase the efficiency of the medical department of the army was taken up and passed with amendments. The case of Senator Starke was resumed, and the resolution of the committee on the subject, declaring Senator Starke entitled to a seat, was adopted by a vote of 26 to 19. He thereupon was qualified and took his seat. The Confiscation bill was taken up, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the case of Mr. Upton, who claims to represent the Fairfax district of Virginia, was again discussed, and the claimant declared not entitled to a seat by a vote of seventy-three to fifty.

On Friday, February 28, in the Senate, a bill was reported to carry into effect the treaty with Hanover for the abolition of the Stadt dues. Senator Starke, the new member from Oregon, offered a resolution instructing the Judiciary Committee to investigate the charges of disloyalty that have been alleged against him. A debate ensued, which was continued till the expiration of the morning hour. The Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Appropriation bill was taken up, and passed with amendments. A bill to encourage enlistments in the regular army was introduced.——In the House, the special committee on the establishment of a national armory reported a resolution, which was referred to the Committee of the Whole, providing for the appointment of a commission by the President to locate a national foundry east of the Alleghanies, and a foundry, armory, and manufacturing arsenal west of the Alleghanies, said commission to report within sixty days from their appointment to the Secretary of War, and the Secretary to report to Congress, with the necessary estimates of expense. The bill granting homesteads to actual settlers, and providing bounty for soldiers in lieu of lands, was amended so as to take effect on the 1st of January, 1863, and then passed—105 against 16. Both Houses adjourned till Monday.

On Monday, March 3, in the Senate, Senator Wright, the successor of Mr. Bright, of Indiana, was sworn, and entered upon his duties. The House bill requiring shipmasters trading to foreign ports to take an oath of allegiance was passed. A joint resolution authorizing the President to appoint as many staff officers as the service requires was adopted. The Confiscation bill was taken up, and Senator M'Dougall, of California, spoke in opposition to it. Before he had concluded the Senate went into executive session.——In the House the tax bill was ordered to be printed, and made the special order for the 11th instant. The Senate joint resolution, declaratory of the intention of the act of July, indemnifying the loyal States for expenses incurred in raising troops, so as not only to apply to debts contracted before, but since the passage of the act, was adopted; also the Senate joint resolution providing for the payment of the awards of the commission for claims growing out of military movements in the Department of the West. Mr. Holman offered a resolution declaring that the war should not be prosecuted for any other purpose than the restoration of the authority of the Constitution and the welfare of the whole people of the United States, who are permanently involved in the preservation of our present form of government, without modification or change. Mr. Lovejoy moved to lay it on the table, and the motion was adopted—60 to 58. A resolution, calling on the President for information relative to the present condition of Mexico, and the design of the European Powers to establish a monarchy there, was adopted. The Committee on Foreign Affairs presented an important joint resolution on the subject of maritime rights, thanking the Emperor of the French for his kindly offices touching the *Trent* affair, and declaring the present a favorable time for adjusting the question of maritime rights on the basis proposed by Mr. Marcy in 1856. The resolutions were recommitted and ordered to be printed. A resolution was adopted directing the Secretary of the Treasury to communicate to the House the amount of the subscriptions to the National Loan, authorized by the act of the 17th of July, 1861, the amounts of money paid on such subscriptions, and the purposes to which they have been appropriated.

THE "NASHVILLE" AT HOME AGAIN.

The rebel steamer *Nashville*, which has been lying up so long in English ports, and was so keenly watched by the United States steamer *Tuscarora*, has succeeded in getting safe across the Atlantic, and, as we learn from Norfolk, arrived at Wilmington, North Carolina, on Saturday, having run the blockade at that place.

EVACUATION OF COLUMBUS.

Columbus is evacuated. An official dispatch from Commodore Foote, dated Cairo, March 1, leaves no doubt that the rebels are flying from their Western Sebastopol. Lieutenant-Commanding Phelps, who was sent on Saturday with a flag of truce to Columbus, returned reporting that he saw the rebels burning their winter-quarters, and removing their heavy guns on the bluffs. But the guns in the water batteries remained intact. He also saw a large force of cavalry drawn up ostentatiously on the bluffs, but no infantry was to be seen, as heretofore. The encampment seen in the armed reconnoissance a few days since had been removed. Large fires were visible in the town of Columbus and upon the river banks below, indicating the destruction of the town, military stores, and equipments.

GENERAL BANKS ACROSS THE POTOMAC.

The right wing of the grand army, in General Banks's division, on the Upper Potomac, has made an advance. Crossing the river from Sandy Hook on Monday night to Harper's Ferry, the advance-guard, consisting of the Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania regiment, took possession of the town. Strong reinforcements went over on Tuesday and occupied the towns of Bolivar and Charlestown, and a considerable portion of the country on both banks of the Shenandoah. The rebels, with the exception of a few who were captured, retired on the approach of our army. The sentiment among the people is strongly in favor of the Union. General Banks has established his head-quarters on the road from Harper's Ferry to Bolivar. The rebels shelled the trains near Berlin, on their way to Baltimore, but the firing was so bad that they did no damage.

GENERAL CURTIS IN ARKANSAS.

General Halleck telegraphs to Washington that General Curtis has taken Fayetteville, Arkansas, with numerous prisoners and great quantities of stores, ammunition, baggage, and the like. The enemy retreated in disorderly haste over the Boston Mountains. The Union troops in that section are perfectly enraged at a dastardly, savage trick of the rebels: forty-two officers and men of the 5th Missouri Regiment were poisoned at Mudtown by eating of provisions left behind by the enemy, who had prepared the food for the purpose of causing a general murder.

TENNESSEE RETURNING TO THE UNION.

The War Department has received such encouraging intelligence of the restoration of Tennessee to the Union that it is contemplated to appoint Senator Andrew Johnson Military Governor of the State until the civil government can be reorganized. With this view the President has nominated him as Brigadier-General, and placed in his hands the pleasant duty of restoring his old State to its original position.

The rebels have retreated from Murfreesboro, and are falling back on the Tennessee River and Chattanooga.

TROOPS TO BE RAISED FOR THE UNION IN TENNESSEE.

The War Department has authorized the raising of volunteer troops in Tennessee, and it is decided to put the loyal citizens of the Southwest generally in a position to resist the rebels whenever any attempt is made to coerce the Union people back again into the thralls of rebellion.

ANOTHER VOYAGE UP THE TENNESSEE.

Official dispatches from Commodore Foote, relative to affairs on the Tennessee River, which were received at the Navy Department on 1st, give most satisfactory accounts of the Union feeling in Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi, in which latter State Lieutenant Gwin had penetrated in the gun-boat *Taylor* as far as Eastport. The victories at Forts Henry and Donelson have impressed the Unionists with great faith in our army, and have given them courage to avow their sentiments more freely. Lieutenant Gwin says that upon learning that a large quantity of wheat and flour, intended for shipment to the South, was stored at Clifton, Tennessee, he landed there and took on board about one thousand sacks and one hundred barrels of flour, and some six thousand bushels of wheat, to prevent its being seized by the rebels or disposed of in the rebel country.

ANOTHER MESSAGE FROM JEFF DAVIS.

The Message of Jeff Davis to the new rebel Congress, like his recent inaugural, betrays great distress of mind as to the future fortunes of the Confederacy, and displays, at the same time, no little deviation from the strict line of truth in reference to the resources of the South and the conduct of our Government and our army. He admits that events have proved that the rebel Government attempted more than it could achieve; that the Southern people had no idea of the continuance of the war beyond a brief period, nor of the overwhelming force which has been brought against them. To this fact he attributes the unwillingness of the people to enlist for a long term; but he hopes that this "fruitful cause of disaster," short enlistments, will not again occur. In referring to the defeats at Roanoke Island and Fort Donelson, he speaks of the former as humiliating; and of the fall of Donelson he says that, in the absence of official information, he can form no judgment, but can not believe that an army of "our people" could have surrendered without an effort to cut their way through the enemy. The strength of the rebel army he puts down, somewhat indefinitely, at four hundred regiments of infantry, with proportionate cavalry and artillery. He relies greatly upon the new enlistments to make up the force of the army, and expresses a confident opinion that the war is going to last for several years to come.

DESPAIR OF THE REBELS.

A meeting of cotton and tobacco planters was held on Wednesday evening, at the City Hall, Richmond, to discuss the question of destroying the cotton and tobacco crops in the State; but the discussion, after a variety of speeches were delivered pro and con, resulted in transferring the matter to a committee for report at an adjourned meeting the next night, the business of which has not yet reached us. A resolution was offered in the rebel Congress on the same day providing for compensation by the government for all tobacco and cotton so burned to avoid its falling into the hands of the United States Government. The tone of the Southern press continues to be most doleful and despairing.

THEY ARE AT LOGGERHEADS.

The discussions in the rebel Congress at Richmond show a growing discontent with the Cabinet of Mr. Davis. Upon the proposal to admit the members of the Cabinet to defend their course on the floor of the House, Mr. Foote, of Tennessee, said that if the Cabinet, after a fair discussion upon a vital question, should be voted down, they should resign, after the manner of the British Ministry, and give place to others. A refusal so to do, he declared, would justify a civil revolution—a rebellion within a rebellion—and if Mr. Davis persisted in retaining the Cabinet after such an expression of popular sentiment, he would deserve to be brought to impeachment, and, if needs be, "to the block."

PERSONAL.

The rebel General Simon Bolivar Buckner, captured at Fort Donelson, is now on his way to Fort Warren, or is probably by this time safely ensconced within its walls.

The *Indépendance Belge* asserts positively that the Archduke Maximilian of Austria has accepted a throne in the distracted republic.

By an order from the War Department, we learn that Major-General Dix and the Hon. Edwards Pierrepont, have been appointed Commissioners to examine the cases of the men still remaining in confinement in the custody of the United States, and to decide whether they should be released, retained, or turned over to the civil authority.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

AMERICAN AFFAIRS IN PARLIAMENT.

The American question is being debated in the English Parliament. Earl Russell made an important declaration in the House of Lords, on the 10th instant, when he admitted that the peculiar circumstances of the United States justified "urgent measures"—such as arbitrary arrests—by the Government, and that even British subjects may be seized by order of the President, if "he believed that the parties were engaged in treasonable conspiracies." Parliament had given the same power to the British executive in times of difficulty, and it had been frequently exercised without the persons being brought to trial. The cases of the English subjects lately arrested in the United States would, however, be "earnestly watched" by the Cabinet.

On a subsequent day, Earl Russell, in reply to Lord Stanhope, stated that Government had protested against the permanent destruction of any harbors by the stone blockade, and the American Government had denied any such intention.

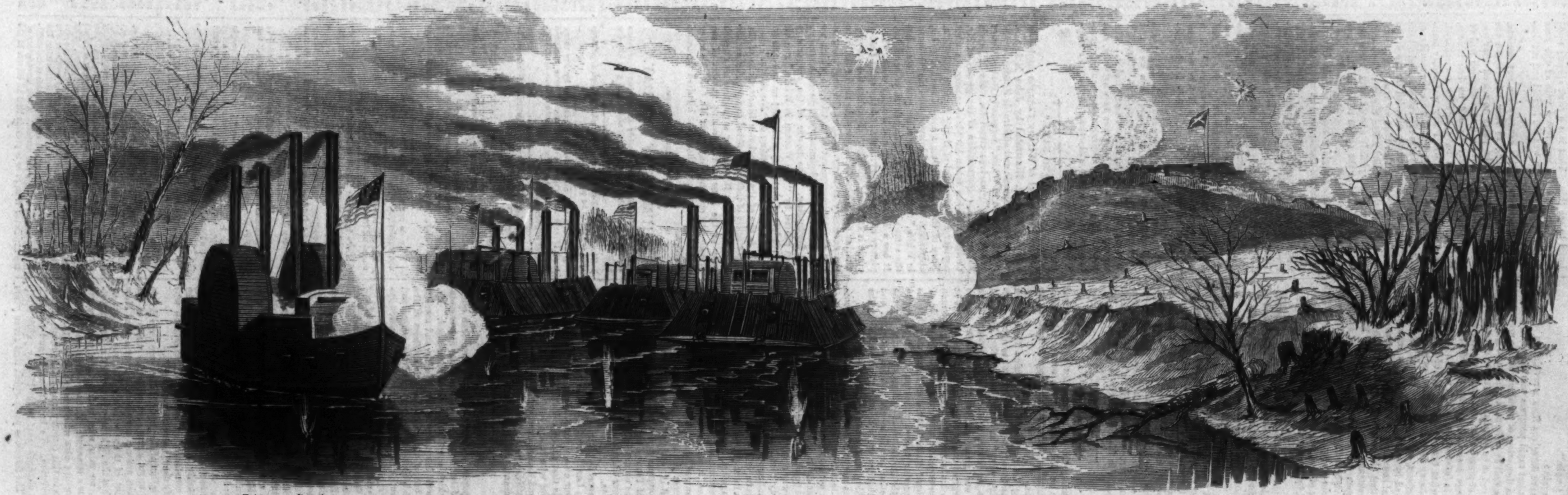
THE VALUE OF THE ELEPHANT.

The expense to England of the Mason and Slidell affair is understood to be £364,000 ($1,820,000).

THE "TUSCARORA."

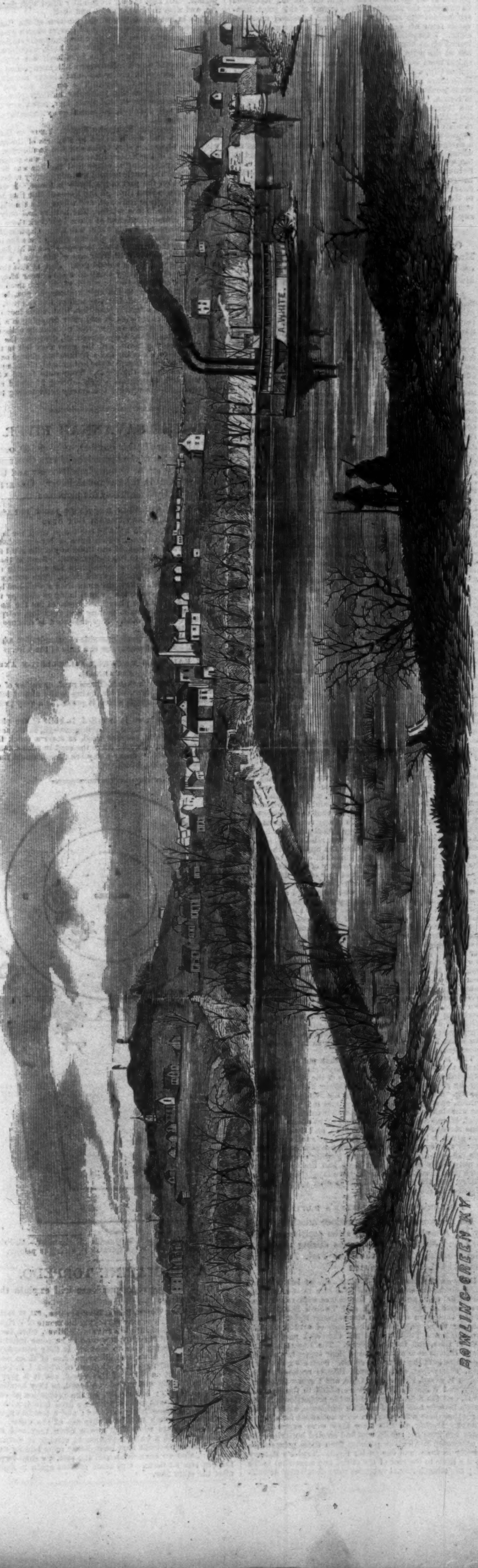
The United States gun-boat *Tuscarora* is reported to be at Gibraltar watching the privateer *Sumter*, which still remains there without coal.

POSITION OF TAYLOR'S AND M'ALLISTER'S BATTERIES DURING THE BATTLE AT FORT DONELSON.—Sketched by Mr. Alexander Simplot.—[See Page 166.]



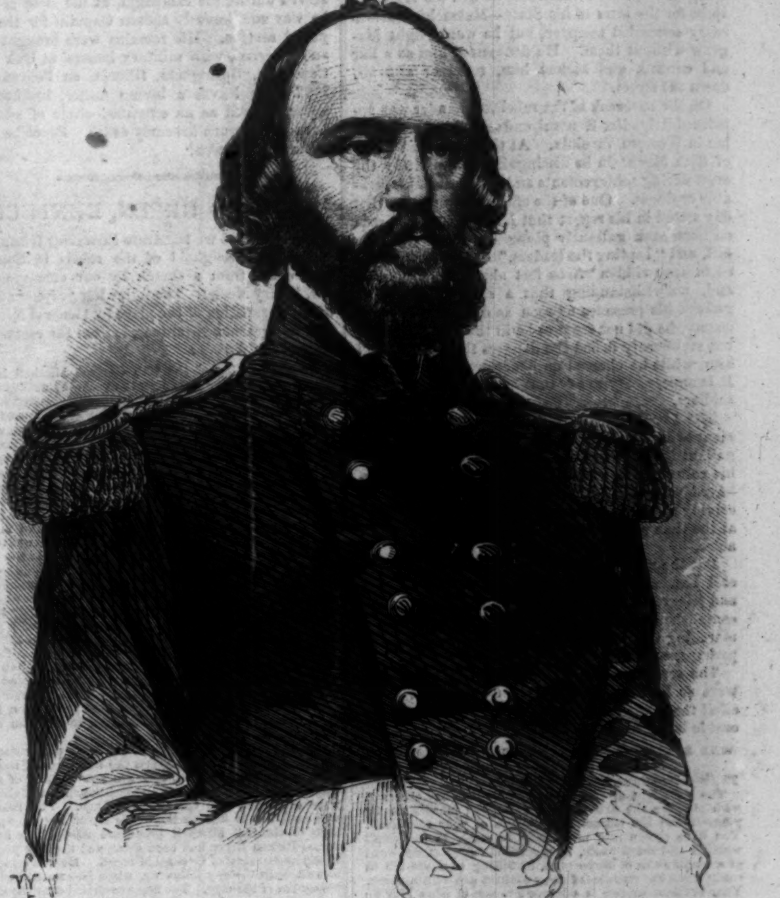
Tyler. Conestoga. Carondelet. Pittsburg. Louisville. St. Louis. Lower Battery—9 Guns. Upper Battery—9 Guns. The Fort proper.

THE GUN-BOAT ATTACK ON THE WATER BATTERIES AT FORT DONELSON.—Sketched by Mr. Alexander Simplot.—[See Page 166.]



College Hill, and Fortification in the distance. Pike Bridge, destroyed by the Rebels. Court-house. Railroad Bridge, destroyed by the Rebels.

BOWLING-GREEN, KY.



THE LATE GENERAL F. W. LANDER.—[Photographed by Brady.]

THE LATE GENERAL LANDER.

General M'Clellan has issued the following Order:

Head-quarters, Army of the Potomac,
Washington, March 3, 1862.

The Major-General Commanding, with deep regret, announces to the Army of the Potomac the loss of Brigadier-General Frederick W. Lander, the commander of one of its divisions, who died at Camp Chase, on the Upper Potomac, on the afternoon of the 2d instant, from the effects of a wound received in the affair with the rebels at Edwards' Ferry, on the 22d of October, 1861. The public services of the deceased, then known as Colonel Lander, in connection with the overland route to the Pacific, had made his name familiar to the American people.

At the commencement of this unhappy rebellion he was among the first who volunteered to support with his life the Constitution and laws of his country. From the beginning of the military operations which have restored Western Virginia to the Union, from the original movement upon Philippi, where his qualities as a leader of troops were strikingly displayed to the complete expulsion of the rebels from his department, in which he exhausted his fading energies, his conduct has elicited the admiration of his countrymen. His invaluable services at Rich Mountain were recognized by the Government in his appointment as a Brigadier-General, and his last efforts were rewarded by the official approval and thanks of the President.

Tall of stature, and of great strength and activity, with a countenance expressive of intelligence, courage, and sensibility, General Lander's presence was commanding and attractive. As a military leader, he combined a spirit of the most daring enterprise with clearness of judgment in the adaptation of means to results. As a man, his devotion to his country, his loyalty to affection and friendship, his sympathy with suffering, and his indignation at cruelty and wrong, constituted him a representative of true chivalry. He has died in the flower of his manly prime, and in the full bloom of his heroic virtues; but history will preserve the record of his life and character, and romance will delight in portraying a figure so striking, a nature so noble, and a career so gallant. While paying this public tribute of respect, the General Commanding feels most deeply that, in the death of this brave and distinguished soldier, he has personally lost one of the truest and dearest of friends.

The late Brigadier-General Frederick W. Lander, above referred to, served, in 1859, as Mr. Potter's second in the duel with Pryor, and when the latter refused to fight with bowie-knives he took up the quarrel for his principal, and offered to fight Pryor with any weapon he chose. The chivalrous Virginian declined the invitation.

In March, 1860, he had an affray with one Magraw, who drew a revolver on him in the streets

THE LATE CAPTAIN MENDILL, KILLED AT FORT DONELSON.—[See Page 166.]

of Washington, and called on him to draw his weapon. Lander replied that he had too much respect for the laws of his State—Massachusetts—to carry concealed weapons, but he would fight Magraw without them. He denounced him as a liar and coward, and kicked him, revolver and all, down the street.

On the outbreak of the rebellion Lander was appointed Brigadier-General, and served under M'Clellan in Western Virginia. At the celebrated battle of Rich Mountain he distinguished himself by the most daring achievements and the most imperturbable coolness. One of the officers engaged on that day stated in his report that Lander was to be seen on horseback gallantly plunging up the side of a hill, and "leading the leaders." He is also reported to have ridden fifteen feet ahead of our forces, and, notwithstanding that a shower of bullets greeted his presence as soon as discovered by the enemy, he did not seem to be in the least alarmed, but stubbornly defied the dangers that surrounded him, while he cheered on his comrades to victory. It is unnecessary to say that he was idolized by the soldiers.

The deceased was also in the unfortunate engagement of Edward's Ferry or Ball's Bluff, where the gallant Baker met a soldier's death at the head of his column. In that disastrous affair Lander behaved with characteristic coolness and valor, receiving a wound in the calf of one of his legs, which at the time was not considered of a dangerous character.

But the most important feat performed by General Lander was his late opening of the railroad and telegraph to Hancock, Virginia, which he accomplished with two thousand men in two columns, marching thirty-two miles in a space of time never, perhaps, exceeded.

The services of the deceased, on this occasion, were so highly prized by the Government as to elicit the following exceedingly flattering and honorable letter from the Secretary of War:

WAR BULLETIN—THANKS TO GENERAL LANDER.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, *Feb.* 17, 1862.

To Brigadier-General F. W. Lander:

The President directs me to say that he has observed with pleasure the activity and enterprise manifested by yourself and the officers and soldiers of your command. You have shown how much may be done, in the worst weather and worst roads, by a spirited officer at the head of a small force of brave men, unwilling to waste life in camp when the enemies of their country are within reach. Your brilliant success is a happy presage of what may be expected when the Army of the Potomac shall be led to the field by their gallant general.

EDWIN M. STANTON, *Secretary of War.*

CAPTAIN MENDILL.

CAPTAIN NOAH E. MENDILL, Company I, Seventh Regiment Illinois Volunteers, whose portrait will be found on page 165, was the first man of note, and one among the best men, who fell on the bloody field of Donelson.

A day or two before the attack on Fort Donelson, while encamped near Fort Henry, our young hero was severely hurt by a tree falling in the night on his tent. It struck him across the loins, injuring his kidneys to such an extent that he was unable to walk. He was carried to the hospital, where he was still confined when the order was given, "Forward to Fort Donelson!" He expressed a desire to go, but the surgeon forbade, alleging—as was the case—that he was unfit for service. Not to be balked by any thing, however, he evaded the notice of the surgeon, and by the aid of a crutch marched at the head of his company to the field of action. On the night preceding the battle, while encamped within a few miles of the enemy's lines, he requested his sergeant to awaken him several times during the night, that he might bathe and rub his back, so that he would be able to go into action the next morning unencumbered with a crutch. Morning came, and the troops were all early in motion—young Mendill at the head of his company, cheering his men by word and by action, until, by the time they had reached the field, he had become warmed up and excited so that he felt his inability no longer; and at the order to storm a position of the enemy's lines he led his company off at a "double-quick," declaring that he felt like going at that pace all day. They soon came to a sort of ravine, where they would be exposed to the fire of the enemy. Here was a slight hesitation on the part of the men (it being their first experience in facing bullets); but the gallant Captain led bravely and fearlessly through, gaining an eminence on the point of a hill beyond the ravine, and some fifteen or twenty paces in advance of his column, when he drew his sword (which, from his hurt in the loins, he had swung about his neck), and, with a smile of triumph on his countenance, called out, "Come on, my boys! we'll—" and with the sentence unfinished on his lips, a grape-shot from a masked battery only some seventy-five yards in advance of him, that till then was unknown of, entered his head, just beneath the right ear, coming out immediately through the centre of his left. His death was instantaneous, falling with his sword still elevated above his head, with his face still lighted up with the smile of triumph—a glorious death! and the death that all brave and patriotic spirits like his would wish to die—face to face with the enemies of his country!

Captain Mendill was born in Blairsville, Pennsylvania, November 9, 1837; killed at Fort Donelson, Tennessee, February 13, 1862, and was consequently in his twenty-fifth year. He was an unmarried man. Removed with his father, in the year 1858, to Springfield, Illinois, which has since been his home. He was the youngest and only living brother of Captain G. H. Mendill, of the United States Topographical Engineers, Professor at West Point. When the call was made for three months' volunteers, he was among the first to offer his services, together with a majority of Captain John Cook's (State Militia) Company of Springfield Zouave Grays, of which he was long a respected member (and which is now Company I, Seventh Regiment Illinois Volunteers). Upon Captain Cook's promotion to Colonel, Mendill rose to Second Lieutenant, in which capacity he faithfully served during the campaign, at the close of which he was unanimously chosen Captain for the three years' service. His remains were brought home and interred, with military honors, at Oak Ridge Cemetery, Springfield, Illinois, on February 21, 1862. He leaves a loving father, brother, and sister, as well as an extended circle of admiring friends, to mourn his early death. Peace be to the ashes of the brave!

BOWLING GREEN, KENTUCKY.

ON page 165 we illustrate BOWLING GREEN, the evacuated stronghold of the rebels in Southern Kentucky, from a sketch by our correspondent, Mr. Henry Mosler. The following graphic account of the occupation of the place by General Mitchell, and its present appearance, is from the correspondence of the *Herald*:

On the evening of the 12th General Mitchell learned that the rebels were preparing to evacuate Bowling Green, and had already shipped their artillery to Nashville. He immediately determined to march upon them, and at an early hour on the morning of Friday, the 14th, he started—his men in fine spirits, and eager to avail themselves of the opportunity for which they had so long waited to show their mettle. The distance to be marched was twenty-nine miles, six of which were over such a road as only Kentucky can boast. But the march was easily made in nine hours, and at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of Friday General Mitchell appeared before the city, and met the flag of truce which the rebels had the impertinence to send him, requesting six hours in which to evacuate the place. General Mitchell replied that he would not give them six minutes; and, planting a rifled piece on the slope of Baker Hill, he threw a shell or two among the thousand rebels about embarking on the cars for Nashville. They hastily scrambled aboard the train, which was as hastily put in motion, and disappeared, Hardee and Hindman being left behind, and afterward escaping on horseback. Persons here assert that these generals were afraid to join their men aboard the cars, they having loudly declared their intention to have their revenge upon them for their harsh treatment. Many of Hindman's men have often before been heard to declare their intention to kill him at the first opportunity.

At the time of the shelling of the few troops remaining at the dépôt in Bowling Green the buildings of the railroad company were fired, and are now a mass of ruins. The dépôt and round house or machine-shop at this place were extensive and splendid buildings. The intention was doubtless to destroy the whole town; but the appearance of General Mitchell prevented this. The bridges across Barren River had been destroyed the day previous to the appearance of General Mitchell. He was compelled to wait until the day following, when he crossed and took possession of the city. The flag was raised over the Court-house of a deserted city. I use the term in its literal sense. The rebels had for months been the only inhabitants. Many still find a home within the city limits. The pits where they lie are seen on every hill-side. It is estimated by the inhabitants here that not less than five thousand rebel soldiers have died of disease during the six months of occupation.

Bowling Green is described by the gazetteers as a pleasant and beautiful city, lying in the valley of numerous hills which rise above its loftiest buildings. But the gazetteers are not of late dates. Let those of the future write it down as one whose beauty has departed. The houses look dingy and dirty, and the streets like those of a country village during the muddy season. It looks as if the shadow had settled upon it, never to be removed. From the hills around it in every direction the fortifications are frowning, and, as it were, withering with a frown. Once splendid residences graced Mount Airy and Underwood's Hill, a vineyard lay on the side of Baker's Hill, and the green wheat and yellow corn were once seen in the valley at the foot of Price's and Webb's. But Mount Airy has been despoiled of the handsome building that graced its brow, and in its place a lunette fort frowns upon the river that glides silently by. The vineyard has been trampled under foot, and the yellow corn has been gathered, and the wheat dares not spring up. It seems as if the rebel presence had blighted the country and the city. Inhabitants have fled and left their dwellings to be transformed into hospitals or stables. Ruin and devastation have had their full away.

THE FIGHT AT FORT DONELSON.

WE devote pages 161 and 164 to illustrations of the memorable FIGHT AT FORT DONELSON, the bloodiest and probably the most decisive battle ever fought on this continent.

On page 161 we reproduce a sketch of FORT DONELSON, kindly sent us by Mr. A. L. Rawson, of Chicago; and on the same page a sketch, by our artist, Mr. Alexander Simplot, representing the ADVANCE OF THE SECOND IOWA REGIMENT ON THE ENEMY'S BREAST-WORKS. The Second Iowa left St. Louis under a sort of cloud, in consequence of some theft having been committed at a building in that city while under their charge. They have since nobly redeemed their escutcheon. The following, from the St. Louis *Democrat*, will explain our picture:

THE SECOND IOWA.

By this time it was noon. General Grant had just returned from the landing, where he had a conference with Commodore Foote. That officer had informed the General that it was impossible for him to put his gun-boats in a condition to make another attack for several days at least. Notwithstanding this, upon being informed of the severe repulse our troops had met with in the morning, he saw that some immediate action on our part was necessary to retrieve the day.

He immediately gave order to his Generals of divisions to prepare for an immediate and general attack along the entire lines. The regiments which had suffered most severely in the morning were withdrawn. General Lew. Wallace was given a division composed of two regiments of his own brigade (the Eighth Missouri and Eleventh Indiana), and several other regiments whose loss in the action of the morning had been but slight, and was given the job of clearing the ground we had lost in the morning, while General Smith, commanding the left, received orders to storm the works under which his division was lying.

General Smith is, emphatically, a fighting man, and, as may be imagined, the events of the morning had tended to decrease in no measure his pugnacity. When he received his long-desired orders for an assault of the enemy's works, his eyes glistened with a fire which, could it have been seen by his maligners, would have left them in no doubt as to his private feelings in regard to the present contest. All the arrangements were complete by three o'clock, and his column was put in motion soon after. The force under his command was as follows:

Colonel Cook's Brigade—Seventh Illinois, Fifteenth Illinois, Twelfth Iowa, Thirteenth Missouri, Fifty-second Indiana.

Colonel Lauman's Brigade—Second Iowa, Seventh Iowa, Fourteenth Iowa, Twenty-fifth Indiana, Fifty-sixth Indiana.

Under cover of Captain Stone's Missouri battery this force began the assault. It was a formidable undertaking, which, under a less brave and skillful commander than General Smith, might have proved a disastrous failure.

The hills at this point are among the most precipitous of those upon which the enemy were posted. Selecting the Second and Seventh Iowa, and the Fifty-second Indiana for the storming party, General Smith deflected the main portion of his division to the right, and having succeeded in engaging the attention of the enemy at this point, himself headed the storming party, and advanced upon the works from his extreme left. It was a most magnificent sight. Unappalled by the perfect storm of bullets which rained about him, the General on horseback, and with his hat on the point of his sword, preceded his troops, and inspired them with a furore there was no withstanding.

Steadily, with unbroken line, the gallant Hawkeyes and Indianians advanced. The enemy's grape and canister came plowing through their ranks, but not a shot was fired in return. Closing up the ranks as one after another of the brave fellows dropped to the earth, and animated by the fearless example of their undaunted leader, they pressed steadily on. The works gained, one tremendous volley was poured into the astonished enemy, and, with fixed bayonets, a charge was made into their ranks which there was no withstanding. They fled in confusion over the hills, and at last we had penetrated the rebel Sebastopol, and the misfortunes of the morning were retrieved. Captain Stone's battery, which in the mean time had been doing tremendous execution in the rebel ranks, was promptly advanced to the position gained, and instantly, supported by the remainder of his division, the point was secured against any force the enemy could bring to bear against it.

THE GUN-BOAT ATTACK.

On page 164 we give a picture, from a sketch by Mr. Alexander Simplot, of the GUN-BOAT ATTACK ON FORT DONELSON. This was described as follows in the correspondence of a Cincinnati paper:

At two P.M. precisely the signal was given from the flag-ship to get under way, and in a few moments we were slowly steaming up the river. We had proceeded perhaps the fourth of a mile when a single report, emanating from the upper battery of the fort, greeted us, and notified us that the rebels were awaiting us in savage expectation. On we went, however, not a sound escaping from our crafts, except the slow puffing of the escape pipes and the cheery plashing of the paddle-wheels, while the enemy were busy awaking the dormant echoes with their cannonading, and agitating the swollen waters with their shot and shell, scattered in promiscuous profusion all around us. When we had sailed up to within a mile of the fort, the Flag-Officer let go his starboard bow rifle, and we followed him with ours, then the *Pittsburg* and *Carondelet* followed suit, and the ball was really opened in earnest. Our first shots fell short; but a little more elevation of the guns remedied the failing, and the next rounds saw our balls and shells dropped into uncomfortably close proximity to their batteries. From this time to the end of the action there was not a lull in the steady and constant firing from our boats, nor was there a moment when the whole of the enemy's front was not a steady stream of fire. In order to get the best view of the action, I stationed myself upon the upper deck, and just as near in the wake of the pilot-house as possible, taking my chances at getting a sight of what was going on in front by abbreviated peeps and squints around the corners, and hurried stares through the look-out holes which the considerate carpenter had left for the optical accommodation of the pilots. The flag-ship *St. Louis* took the advance, and was hugging the western shore; then came our own (the *Louisville*), then the *Pittsburg* and *Carondelet*, in order, as near side by side as was possible in a river scarcely wide enough for two boats to pass each other. In this order we formed a straight battery of twelve guns in front, while the two gun-boats, *Conestoga* and *Lexington*, followed in our wake, pouring in their quota of missiles from their bow Columbiads at a safe distance. We could see nearly every one our shots take effect within or near the rebel batteries, the more deadly and certain as we slowly steamed up toward them.

Thus we proceeded side by side, our fire never slackening or our determination faltering until we arrived within three hundred yards of the lower battery. At this time the firing on both sides was truly terrific. The enemy's shot and shells were screaming through the air or ravaging our sides and decks without cessation, while ours were divesting them of their more exposed batteries, plowing up their hill-sides and decimating their camps in terrible haste. I saw one large shell from the *Louisville* fall and explode directly under one of their guns, sending a score of rebel soldiers to their long homes, demolishing the battery and scattering those not killed or wounded in indecent haste to the nearest covers. When we had attained the last-named position, viz., within three hundred yards of their works, we stopped our headway, and when the boats were motionless we poured in our last and most destructive fire. It really seemed at this time that the quintessence of destruction was contained in those twelve great iron thunderers. With each discharge a rebel gun was silenced, at each broadside a host of frightened rebels would scud up the hill to a place of safety behind the upper earth-works, and all but two of the lower guns had ceased to deal us their destruction. Now a new battery of 120-pound guns opened upon us from the left and rear of the first works. We were within point-blank range, and the destruction to our fleet was really terrible. One huge solid shot struck our boat just at the angle of the upper deck and pilot-house, perforated the iron plating, passed through the heavy timbers and buried itself in a pile of hammocks just in front and in a direct line with the boilers. Another, a shell, raked us from bow to stern, passed through the wheel-house, emerged, dropped and exploded in the river just at our stern. Then a 10-inch solid shot entered our starboard bow port, demolished a gun carriage, killed three men and wounded four others, traversed the entire length of the boat, and sunk into the river in our wake. Then a shell came shrieking through the air, striking fair into our forward starboard port, killing another man and wounding two more, passed aft, sundering our rudder chains, and rendering the boat unmanageable. Now we were compelled to drop astern, and leave the scene of action; but our gunners sent their respects to the rebels as long as their fire could be the least effective; and, so far as we were concerned, the battle was over.

This last battery was the one that put the finishing stroke to the fleet. One of the enemy's shells entered and exploded directly in the pilot-house of the *St. Louis*, killing the pilot and wounding Flag-Officer Foote severely in the leg. Two of the shots entered the *Pittsburg* below the guards, causing her to leak badly, and it is probable that she will sink before morning. Another entered the *Carondelet*, killing four men and injuring eight others. By this time three of the boats were disabled, and then the signal was given to back out and return to our anchorage. The enemy's lower battery was silenced, however, and only the two 120-pounders on the hill were playing upon us, and it is universally conceded that if we had had ten minutes' more time Fort Donelson would have fared the fate of Fort Henry, and the Cumberland River been opened and divested of its rebel embargo.

TAYLOR'S AND M'ALLISTER'S BATTERIES.

On the same page we reproduce another sketch by Mr. Simplot, which shows the position of Taylor's and M'Allister's Batteries during the fight. The correspondent of the New York *Times* thus described their performance:

Early on the morning of Friday—almost before it was fairly light—the enemy poured forth in a mass of not less than 3000 men, and hurled themselves with tremendous force against the Forty-fifth and Twelfth Illinois regiments, that were nearly on the extreme right. Accompanying them were twelve batteries of artillery. The Forty-fifth and Twelfth sustained the shock manfully for a short time, and then withdrew. The Eighteenth and Ninth Illinois soon after came to their support, and for a short time held the enemy in check. Soon after the Thirtieth, Thirty-first, and Eleventh Illinois regiments; the Eighth Missouri, Fifty-eighth Ohio, and Twenty-fifth Kentucky, and Willard's Battery were added to the National forces, and the fight became of terrific proportions. M'Allister's battery took position on an eminence, and for four hours their heavy 24-pounders were not silent for a single instant. During all this time they were exposed to a heavy fire from the rebels, who had erected batteries so as to command M'Allister's position from three points—two directly in front, and one on his right. Taylor's Battery stood a little to the rear of the other, and somewhat to the left; the other National batteries were distributed at various points along the line, as the nature of the ground would permit. All kept the air incessantly filled with their music, and with showers of grape and shell.

This is but an outline of the position of the National forces, for there can be strictly no correct sketch given, as at no time during the fight were the regiments stationary. Now they pushed forward, again fell back, withdrew, and were replaced by others. The fight itself was prolonged and desperate. Now it rolled over a hill, anon poured along a ravine, always in the woods, and always marking its track in characters of blood. The conflict was not conducted according to any particular military plan—men stationed themselves behind trees, logs, rocks, any thing that would afford shelter, and blazed away whenever a hostile head appeared.

The Twenty-fifth Kentucky Regiment was on the extreme right, and was attacked by a swarm of the enemy with such vigor that they broke and fled in disorder. At another part of the National line the attack was conducted by such overwhelming numbers that the line was broken through, and the battle seemed well-nigh likely to become a total rout on the part of the National forces. It was at this last gap broken through the National line that M'Allister's Battery was stationed, and where for a time it fell into the hands of the rebels. The battery had only 150 rounds of ammunition, and at about 10 o'clock these were all fired away—not a single shot was left. Captain M'Allister in vain endeavored to obtain a supply from the rear; a shot from the enemy passed through three of his horses, another tore off the trail from one of the guns, a third smashed the wheel of a second gun. Just at this time a heavy force of the enemy obtained a cover near him, and opened fire at about two hundred yards with musketry. Hitching six horses to the only undamaged gun, he endeavored to haul it off, but the weight was so great, and the road in such a muddy condition, that it was found impossible to get along with it, and after dragging it a half mile it became mired, and he was reluctantly obliged to leave it. The horses were driven off, dragging the limbers and empty caissons, and the guns were left to their fate. In the course of the day a tremendous charge on the part of our troops reoccupied the lost ground, closed up the gap, and recovered the pieces. They were found where they were left, their great weight—being 24-pound siege guns—probably preventing the enemy from taking them away.

IN THE SAVANNAH RIVER.

WE continue in this number, on page 169, our series of sketches of the operations of THE COMBINED EXPEDITION under Commodore DUPONT and General SHERMAN in the Savannah River. Our artist, Mr. Davis, thus describes his pictures:

THE COMMUNICATION BETWEEN FORT PULASKI AND SAVANNAH CUT OFF.

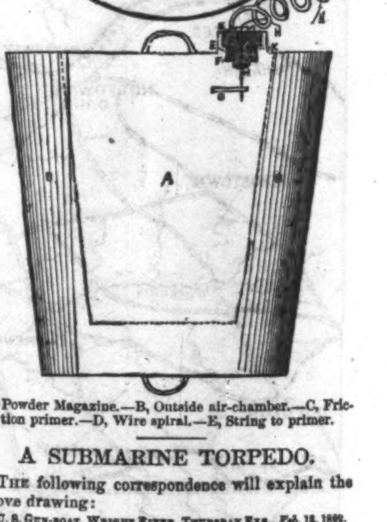
Batteries have been built by our troops upon the banks of the Savannah River, which have so far succeeded in driving back in a damaged condition any of the rebel fleet that have attempted to run the gauntlet. Some of the officers engaged in the reconnoissance for a suitable spot came very near discovery several times. The guns were conveyed at night, before any more than a trail had been cut through the cane, the ground being so swampy that large plank had to be placed and replaced for the heavy guns to go on—the men, pulling and swearing, being at times knee-deep in mud. Now this road is *corduroyed*, and quite tolerable.

Captain Seers cut the telegraphic communication adrift, removing some three-quarters of a mile of the wire.

THE RAILROAD BETWEEN CHARLESTON AND SAVANNAH.

I send you a rough sketch of this road, or rather of one of its peculiar features, which, owing to the almost interminable swamp through which it passes, is a very prominent one as well.

The trestle-work, as it is called, is built of the pitch-pine, while under it there is kindling enough, in the shape of grass, reeds, and decayed wood, to start a quick fire, which, once started, would leave the road in such a condition that it would be many a day ere Secesh would make use of it as a thoroughfare.



A, Powder Magazine.—B, Outside air-chamber.—C, Friction primer.—D, Wire spiral.—E, String to primer.

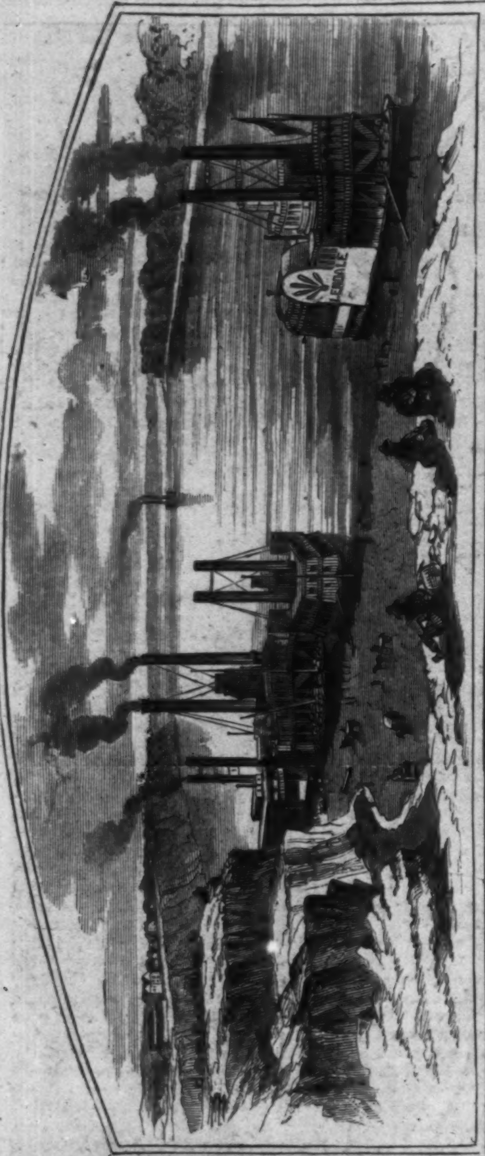
A SUBMARINE TORPEDO.

THE following correspondence will explain the above drawing:

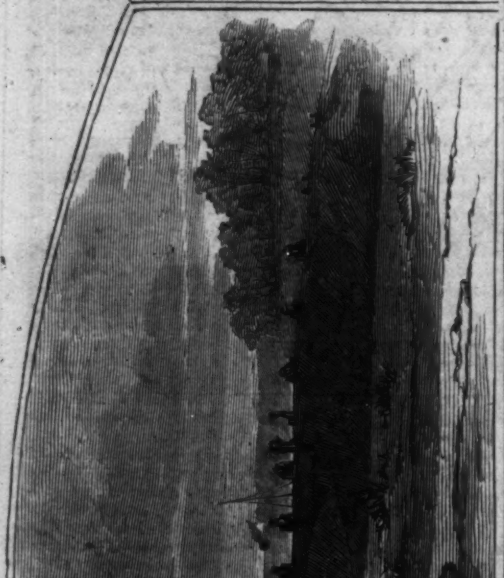
U. S. GUN-BOAT, WRIGHT RIVER, THURSDAY EVE., *Feb.* 13, 1862.

Yesterday our boats were surveying the mouth of Wright River for a channel into the Savannah River, when they discovered something they supposed to be some infernal machine. Not being able to examine it fully yesterday, they to-day went down and discovered five of them, and succeeded in getting one, a diagram of which I inclose. They brought it on board of this vessel, and it is providential that it did not explode on board, as they handled it very carelessly; but finally, by the precaution of our Captain, it was sent ashore, when we fired into it with a rifle, when it immediately exploded; and a fearful explosion it was, enough to blow a ship out of the water. I suppose these are what they meant when they said we would meet with a warm reception in coming to Savannah. I have no doubt they have plenty more laid for us; but now, that we have discovered the plot, we shall be on the *qui vive* for them. Our boats are out again to-night after the other four.

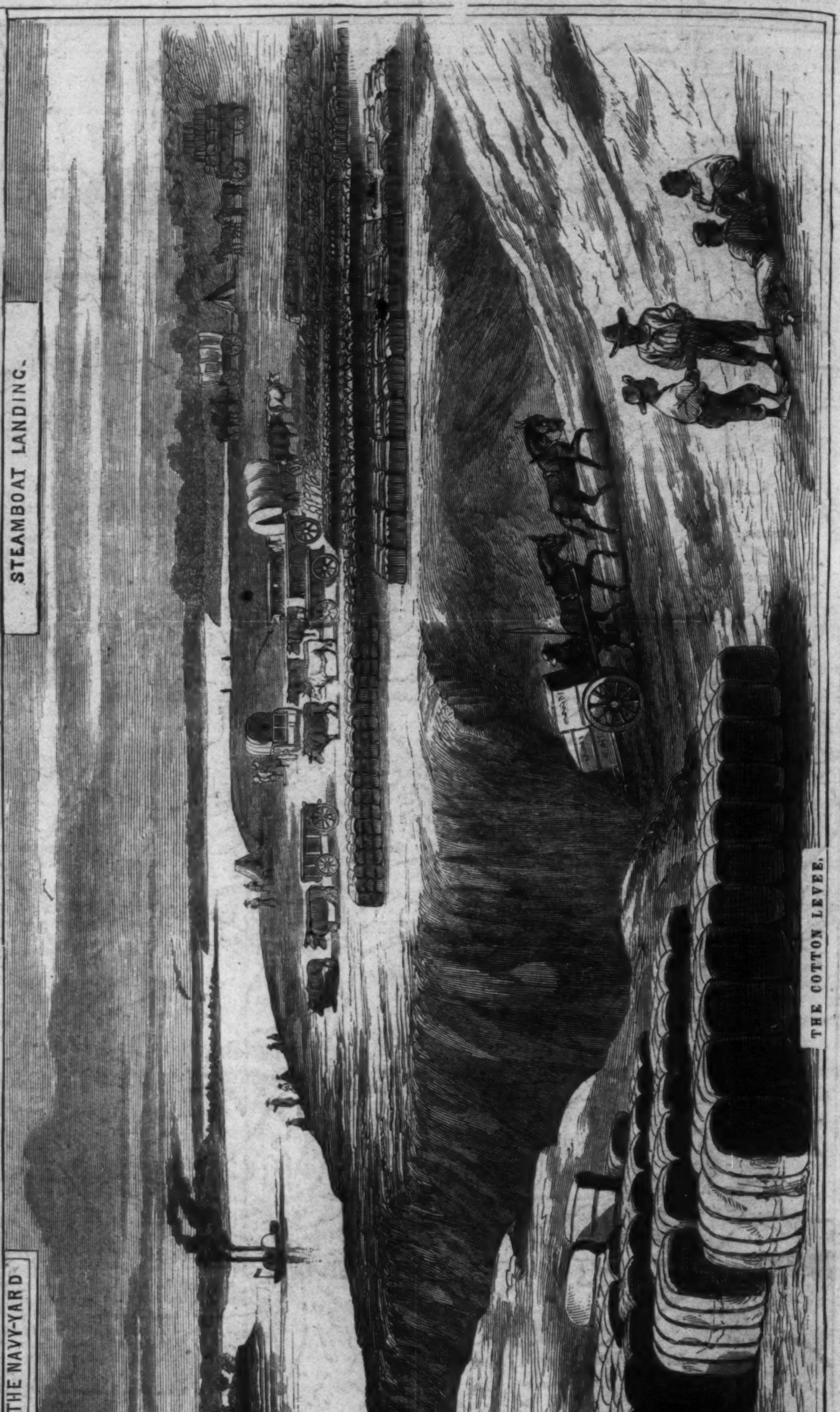
GENERAL MAP OF VIRGINIA, SHOWING THE FIELD OF OPERATIONS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.



STEAMBOAT LANDING.



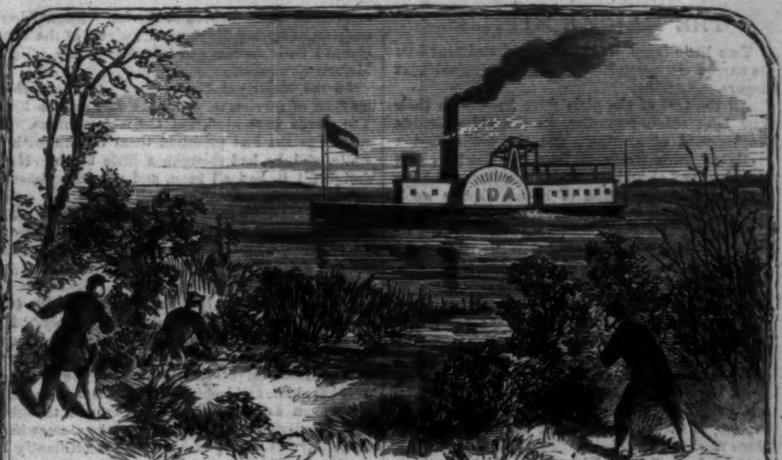
OLD BATTERY AT THE NAVY-YARD



THE COTTON LEVEE.

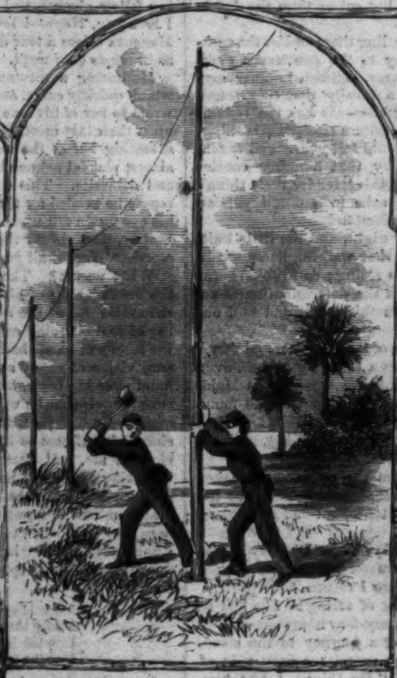
MEMPHIS (TENNESSEE) BEFORE THE WAR.—Sketched by Porte Crayon.—[See Page 162.]

BUILDING BATTERIES


A NARROW ESCAPE

VIEWS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF SAVANNAH GA.

ROAD TO FORT VULCAN.


CUTTING THE TELEGRAPH.

NIGHT WORK.

CHARLESTON & SAVANNAH R.R. THROUGH THE SWAMPS.

THE MAJOR'S MITTENS.

The little ivory hook flew round and round on its narrow circuit, guided by Hope Bayne's slender fingers.

All the rest of the girls were busy with their four long shining needles, in the old orthodox employment of knitting, and the old orthodox "mixed" yarn streamed from the needles; and they laughed at and quizzed Hope Bayne for her daintier work—a mitten of brown zephyr wool, gauntleted with "Magenta." But Hope Bayne, through all this laughing and quizzing, kept on with her *crocheting*, plying deftly the ivory hook until the last mitten was nearly finished.

While she works at this, the party increases by ones, and twos, and threes—young officers camping out just beyond the city awaiting orders.

Ones and twos and threes.

Hope Bayne glances up as they enter, dropping a nod here and there, and sometimes a smile with it.

At last she drops a stitch with one of her nods, and somebody, stepping on the slender thread of zephyr, it snaps in twain and out ravels two or three more stitches.

"Goodness!" cries Kitty Mills, whom nothing escapes, "that's four times your worsted has broken, Hope. Three times a quarrel, and the fourth a death, do you remember?"

Miss Bayne's lip curved disdainfully, which, Kitty Mills perceiving, she went on in a break-neck style, quite in her way when provoked. "It's sure, Hope—never knew it fail. You spilled the salt at dinner too—I saw you. A dog howled under your window all last night besides; and this morning Margaret broke your hand-mirror in dusting, and flung the pieces into the street. I caught her at it."

Almost every body has a pet superstition. This of the breaking of mirrors happened to be Hope Bayne's. That tantalizing midge of a cousin, Kitty Mills, knew it; so in consequence she knew where to send her shaft.

If it did her any good she had her revenge; for on Hope Bayne's face, usually so masked with *reticence*, a look of uneasiness sat.

This only stimulated curiosity. Kitty Mills argued to herself thus:

"If Hope cares for this, it's on account of those mittens. That's the connection. I'll hold fast to that string."

Which she accordingly did, giving it little experimental pulls now and then. This by-the-way.

"And it all runs on that thread of wool, Hope; all the train of omens. Be careful where you bestow those mittens. He'll be sure to be killed whoever wears them."

The breaker of the thread stood, throughout this talk, quite silent and looking down into Miss Bayne's face. For him she dropped the nod, the smile, and the stitch with it, which has raveled on to such an extent.

Hope Bayne, lifting her eyes, catches the look, and then he says, rather low of tone,

"Do not mind the omen, Miss Hope; the wearer will not, I assure you."

Kitty Mills had discovered what she had been longing to discover. There happening a lull in the hum of voices just then, all the other girls, who had been quizzing Hope Bayne for the past two days on this very subject, discovered what Kitty had discovered.

A smile went round the group. So the mittens of brown zephyr, with Magenta gauntlets, were for Major Thornly. The nut was cracked for them.

Hope Bayne sat there, cold as a statue outwardly, but with a fire raging inwardly. Proud and reserved in all her actions, she had no power to "turn off" things of this nature. She felt her delicacy invaded, and hated, for that time, the invaders. Always on guard with the world, she could not comprehend the unguarded speech of Major Thornly; so for that time, too, she hated him.

But no sign of this betrayed itself on the cool, calm face at which Major Thornly looked, quite unconscious as he gazed that he was observed.

While he gazed the others gazed too, now and then, and wondered what she would say. She disappointed them by saying nothing, but went on with her crocheting, which was at its last stitches.

Presently the little ivory hook pulled through the final thread. Her work was done.

She put them together carelessly, then turning, handed them to Major Thornly, saying clearly, with no trace of embarrassment,

"I hope they may do you much service, Major Thornly. Colonel Grey writes that he finds the worsted ones like these much warmer than those of knit yarn."

Frank Thornly could not have told what had hurt him; but a vague sense of pain and loss stole over him. A moment ago the world was so bright and pleasant, now it was so dead and cold. A moment ago he had forgotten the room had any occupants but Hope Bayne and himself; now half a dozen people stood between them, though she sat before him.

But Hope Bayne had succeeded in her object. She had checkmated the invaders of her castle of pride; so what matter if a knight was overthrown?

Kitty Mills stood listening by, with her head on one side, plotting mischief.

Kitty Mills had such an innocent way nobody believed her malicious, yet her innocent way dealt sharp wounds sometimes.

"Oh, but Kitty don't mean any thing—Kitty is blunt, has no tact, you know, but good-hearted." That was the cry. So Kitty went on dealing her blows right and left, and they were most of them left-handed blows.

This once she overshot the mark.

"Four times the thread has broken. I wouldn't take 'em, Major Thornly. They'll bring bane to the wearer;" and she glanced up into his face with her childish expression of serious superstition.

"I'd wear them though they brought my death warrant, so that they brought *one bane* to the wearer," he returned, catching at her unmeant pun with a manner half earnest, half playful. A faint color dyed the cool cheek of the fair "Bayne" herself; and Charley Hayes and the rest of the boys clapped their hands, and "bravo" at the gallant Major's adroitness.

So the Major got his mittens. "I hope they may be of service to you," she had said to him. The words were kind, but the manner froze. A week ago she had promised them to him with a smile, and, he had thought, a little blush. How delightful it had all been, and now the pleasure was gone! What was the matter?

He would know before they separated that night; and with this determination he turned away from Kitty Mills, who had been chattering unheard for the last five minutes to him, and looked for the object of his thoughts.

He frowned as he looked. Hayes and the two lieutenants surrounded her chair completely. He was not going to play a fourth there; so he went back to little Kitty Mills, whose pretty wicked eyes sparkled brightly at this result. But leaning over her chair, and looking down upon such a pretty fairy even as she was, both eyes and thoughts kept wandering to the other side of the room, where Hope Bayne's silvery treble rang out brilliantly in repartee and jest.

It was easier for Hope Bayne to evince levity than deep emotion. Thus she often belied herself, and got the reputation of a woman whose nature was transparently fine, but colder than the Arctic seas.

Little Kitty now—nestling there amidst the cushions and prattling away to the gentleman overlooking her; in her queer, childish manner saying such free things so naturally that they sound prettier than any thing else—*she* has the reputation of a good heart: "quite a tender little thing, indeed," some people would tell you, "and tyrannized over completely by that haughty cousin, Miss Bayne." So while this "tender little thing" prattles on two hearts ache in a dumb passion which hers can never understand.

It was a bright, clear night, and the little knitting party had decided that walking home would be much pleasanter than riding; so Frank Thornly consoled himself with the determination to accompany Miss Bayne on this walk, and find out what the matter was.

But when a girl made of "spirit, fire, and dew," like Hope Bayne, decides a thing for herself, even the determination of so brave a fellow as Major Thornly is quite impotent against it. He found it so.

But what possessed the girl? What madness came over her in that hour?

As they emerged from the ante-room, cloaked and hooded, she approached him holding out her hand, saying in pleasant tones, but oh! so carelessly indifferent:

"I will bid you good-by, Major Thornly; I am going out of town to-morrow morning, and your regiment may leave before I return."

This was a precious bit of acting! She had no more idea of staying twenty-four hours out of town than she had of making a journey to the moon. But under all that cool exterior a fiery vein of thought was running. "He thinks I like him, and he proclaims it to the public. Let the public see how cool I am!"

So in this madness they parted—she sending forth her brilliancy in a strain of restless excitement which quite overcame Lieutenant Wilmer; he stunned and silent, and too careless of the world to heed its observation.

So they parted—she thought to meet again within the week. That night when he arrived at his hotel there was a dispatch awaiting him, ordering him to move forward without delay. Eagerly he prepared to obey it. Only last week what tender regrets would have saddened this news! Now it was all that was left him. "Glory should be his mistress in future! Women were false and fickle!" Thus reasoning, he marched on at the head of his troops in the early dawn of that morning.

In restless, broken slumber, Hope Bayne hears the winding bugle sound, and, half adream, marvels what it means. And while she dreams they march on and away, to "battle and sudden death."

It was late when she came down that morning. "Too late to drive to Maywood and back; we will put it off until to-morrow, Kitty!" Kitty had been up betimes, and read the newspaper; so she handed the sheet to her cousin with her cup of coffee.

There it was, in large type, the whole startling information of the late dispatch, and the hurried departure at dawn.

No exclamation escaped the reader's lips. The pure, pale coloring of her face might have whitened, but it was scarcely perceptible. Not a tremor of the mouth, not a flutter of the eyelids; yet she felt herself turning stone cold in that moment.

If Kitty Mills, sitting there opposite her, thought to discover the state of her feeling she was doomed to disappointment. Too deep for tears, or sighs, or lamentations; too deep for conscious coloring or fluttering pulses was the regret, the remorse that instantly awoke to life. When beyond recall she realized what she had lost, and how. She saw with a shiver her mad and selfish folly, her insane pride. A thousand acts of tenderness and manliness returned upon her to prove how he had forgotten the world for love of her, while she had made it her tyrant. In this retrospect her soul came down from its haughty citadel and sat in sackcloth and ashes.

All this while she mechanically drank her coffee and went through the form of a breakfast. All this while Kitty Mills sat opposite, watching her curiously. Kitty Mills could little understand that, in the solemn vigil of this stricken soul, she was utterly forgotten; and when her cousin's calm face turned away, she said to herself, "Ice is not colder and harder than Hope Bayne's heart!"

* * * * * *

Major Thornly sat writing in his tent until a late hour the night before the reconnoissance at Leesburg. He who was usually cheerful, almost gay, under the most depressing or the most hazardous of undertakings, felt strangely oppressed on this night. Memory after memory crowded upon him, and life seemed to wear new glories in the shadow of death which haunted him. He thought of Ellsworth—his clear presentiment—the fall which followed it. And though he smiled at his thought and its suggestions, and strove to attribute it to the hour and his imagination, yet he found it impossible to shake off the solemn forebodings that filled his soul.

At length he yielded to the mood sufficiently to indite several letters, to be delivered in case he should never return from the field of the morrow. Tender letters of farewell, brave and simple and manly like the writer.

In the midst of this occupation he opens a box for a needed envelope: beneath the package lies the parting gift of Hope Bayne—the brown mittens, with their bright "Magenta" gauntlets, untouched by soil or use. Back it all comes—the dreary evening—her cold words and colder manner, and the careless parting speech. Back it all comes, but with it comes a clearer sense, perhaps, of her proud, inscrutable heart. Time and absence have softened the rough edge of these memories, and he remembers hours when she was gentle and sympathetic—when she gave him many a hope, by blush, and smile, and action. "It must have been my fault," he thinks to himself; "I was a blundering fellow always, and she was kind before. But I love you, Hope—I love you!" and on the bright Magenta colors a tear dropped suddenly from eyes as brave as ever wept.

Hesitating a moment he obeyed the impulse which quickly came, and in a few earnest sentences wrote to her of his love and faith, touching lightly upon their last meeting; but in that brief mention divesting her of the shadow of unkindness by an almost playful acknowledgment of his own failings and demerits. This done, he turned to seek the repose he needed for the coming day. As he did so his eye again fell upon her gift. He took them up hastily, and thrust them into his bosom, saying aloud, "They shall go with me as a talisman."

What was it? The sound of his own voice, or the unburdening of his heart, that suddenly broke the spell? for at the action and the words a feeling of instant relief came over him. It was as if the smoke of battle had uplifted, and showed him a sure vision of safety and success. He passed his hand over his brow, as if to clear his brain, or assure himself that he was awake. "I am the sport of idle fancy," he murmured; "not ten minutes since I felt almost as if the messenger of death had claimed me, and here I am in another moment breathing free, as if just released from some near danger; and all at the touch of a pair of mittens—Hope's mittens," he utters softly. "Perhaps, perhaps they are to be a talisman, as I said;" and with a half smile at his "idle fancies" he flings himself down to rest and sleep.

* * * * * * *

> "Stormed at with shot and shell,
> Boldly they rode, and well;
> Into the jaws of death,
> Into the mouth of hell,"

rode on those brave leaders with their brave troops that day. Every one knows the fearful tragedy that followed—the repulse, the flight, the loss. Every one knows, too, of the heroisms that made it not all a defeat.

In the hottest of the fight Major Thornly was urging on his men—cool, collected, and cheerful under the most disastrous circumstances. Shot and shell hurtled past him, but still he rode unharmed. He seemed to bear a charmed life in the midst of the dead and dying.

A column just beyond loses its leader; confusion and dismay run along the line. The next moment the panic would have spread, when Major Thornly dashed on to the rescue. The sight of his inspiring face as he assumed command, his dauntless air as he marshaled them together, gave them both ardor and confidence; and again they press forward through

> "—— flame and smoke,
> And shout and groan and sabre stroke."

Again they press forward; but the gallant leader, where is he? In a charge from the enemy that swept down many a brave fellow he had fallen. Was his presentiment of death realized? Had the messenger claimed him in that hour?

* * * * * * *

Kitty Mills at the window, making a pretty show of her blue-yarn knitting in her white glancing hands, nods and smiles to passing acquaintances. Hope Bayne, at the piano, plays melancholy nocturns with a tense passion of meaning which Kitty Mills never understands. The October sun shines in at the window, a cheery little wood-fire crackles on the hearth, the great gray cat purs contentedly in its rays, and every thing presents a smiling scene of peace, which only the passionate player there, with her drooping head, contradicts. A look at her woeful face, and the image of peace melts away into dreams of desolation as mournful as the dreary nocturn.

The door opens. Kitty glances up with a disappointed face. "Oh, it's only you, Will!"

The lad perks his saucy lips into mockery. "Yes, only 'you, Will,'" he returns. *He* knows Miss Kitty Mills's peculiarities.

Then his face changes, and he goes on:

"More news—all the details of the engagement," drawing the paper from his pocket. The player turns from the piano at this. Over the paper her eager eyes wander rapidly. Then, with a sigh of relief, she passes it on to her cousin. *He* is not mentioned. She may yet have hope. Kitty, giving the columns a hasty survey, yawns, drops her knitting, thinks the city "dreadfully stupid since the camp broke up," and then goes sauntering out of the room, tossing her blue-yarn ball to the cat upon the hearth.

This proceeding seems to give Master William undisguised satisfaction; for as the door closes the saucy lips curl with an unmistakable air of boyish triumph, and he approaches his sister with a letter.

"I waited till Kitty went; she's so curious," the lad volunteered.

Why do her cheeks pale and flush? why do her hands tremble at the seal of this letter? Ask him, who,

> "At midnight, in his guarded tent,"

wrote those tender sentences of farewell. Ask *him*—ay, ask him!

But the flushing of the cheeks, the trembling of the hands, had something of expectant joy in their signs. She only thought he had written to her! But when? She knew when a moment after; and Willie, standing there, even with his untaught boy's heart, knew what that voiceless calm meant far better than Kitty Mills would have known. And as the woeful eyes uplift he realizes something more of life's stern passion than his fifteen years had ever comprehended before.

He understands so delicately and wisely, that, as Kitty enters an opposite door, he sends her away to the cupola by some hint of tents newly pitched, and rumors of a newly forming camp. And while Miss Kitty forgets her indolence in the charming prospect of a fresh court of suitors, and flies off to greet the welcome sight of their floating flags, her cousin, Hope, escapes to her room with a burden of death upon her soul. All night with this heavy burden she keeps a tearless watch. All night she goes over that bitter, bitter parting, when her cruel words belied her heart. And all night she is haunted by the

> "Never, never, whispered by the phantom years."

When Will came down to breakfast the next morning his sister was not there, and Kitty poured his coffee for him in her default; for Hope had been both mother and sister to Will five years that very month. Though her absence was by no means so unusual, Will was uneasy on this morning. He hadn't forgotten the odd effect of that letter; so he evinced his uneasiness by kicking the table-legs and quarreling with Kitty—two accomplishments in which he excelled.

At dinner the same cause of uneasiness existed, and the same consequence ensued; he kicked the table-legs and quarreled with Kitty. (Query: do all boys have a natural propensity to kick table-legs?—the narrator never saw one that didn't.) At tea, again he missed the familiar face; and this time forgot to quarrel with his cousin, even if he unconsciously performed the other accomplishment.

To his inquiries Kitty answered carelessly, "Hope had a headache."

Going up to bed he loitered by her door—not a sound. Then he ventured to call softly, "Hope!" No answer. Then he opened the door and entered.

Hope was lying where she had flung herself the night before, and dressed as he had seen her when she read her letter. But the white face of woeful passion was greatly changed. Fever burned upon the cheeks and parched the lips, and in the fitful slumber into which she had fallen she moaned restlessly. Unused to such signs of illness, yet the boy was well aware it was no light matter.

He turned to call for Kitty; then back he went, with a grim look of determination on his face, and deliberately turned the key upon his sister's writing-desk and transferred it to his pocket, muttering at the time,

"You don't get into that, Miss Kitty, while *I'm* round!"

When Kitty came she was shocked and sorry enough. "She did not know, she was sure, it was any thing serious, for Hope often had headaches."

Will growled at her, and jumped down three steps at a time as he ran for the doctor. For ten days Hope Bayne hovered between life and death; on the twelfth she awoke to sensibility and suffering. By her bedside she found watching a fresh young face, whom she had often, kindly enough, but selfishly, overlooked and half-forgotten in the past. She found it had been her most faithful watcher these ten days. It looked anxious and worn now, and her heart smote her as she realized what a fount of love she had neglected. Here was something to live for, after all; and the pang of her awakened memory softened. "Dear Will!" And the face she turned to his had resumed its calm, but the old expression of proud and lonely bitterness had departed.

A fortnight after they were *en route* for Washington to join her father, resident for the winter there, in his attendance upon several law cases.

Hope, still pale and thin from her recent illness, had ample excuse in remaining at home, while Kitty participated in the gayeties of the season.

Left thus alone with Will one evening—he was almost her constant companion now—she asks him the question which has possessed her mind for weeks:

"Will, you were with me much during those delirious days—did I mention any names?"

The lad looked away from her as he replied, "Once, Hope."

"Was Kitty present?"

"Not she!" and he shook his head in triumph.

"What did I say, Will?"

"You just called Frank, that was all."

At this point Miss Kitty's laughing tones are heard, and that young lady enters full of elation and success.

"Such a splendid time—so many strangers! That young Frenchman, D'Effenuil, and a Hungarian Count! And oh, Hope, an old flame of yours! He looks dreadfully thin and pale—wounded, you know, at Leesburg—hasn't been out but a little while." Hope was listening to her indifferently, until she said, "He seems as *épris* of you as ever; and I did think you liked him, Hope, until that night. It's my opinion, *ma belle cousine*, that *you* will never be in love with any body."

That night! what night? She turned to Kitty, asking, quite shortly,

"Who are you talking about, Kitty?"

"Well, you needn't be so snappish, Hope! I was talking of your *preux chevalier*, Major Thornly."

Hope Bayne had never fainted in her life; but she came so near it now that Kitty Mills was fright-

ened. When she recovered herself somewhat, Kitty began her talk.

"What was the matter, Hope? Was the room too warm?" Slowly Hope met her eyes, and bravely answered,

"I thought he was dead, Kitty. That was why your sudden information overcame me." Kitty Mills was more amazed than she cared to own. She could understand evasion, bnt this simple courage of acknowledgment was quite beyond her.

But Hope loses all thought but one. He is living: he loves her: the long agony is forgotten.

Early the next morning, at a very unfashionable hour, Major Thornly, in obedience to the brief summons he has received, enters Miss Bayne's presence.

As he bends over her hand, reverent yet ardent, warm lips brush his cheek. It is a welcome he had not dared to dream of. He turns her face to his.

"Hope, is it so—do you love me?"

She tells him all the sad, sad story; never sparing herself from first to last. In it the wealth of her heart is clearly apparent. He no longer questions her love. His generous soul only regretted her suffering.

"I was afraid you had received that letter," he said; "but I was not sure, for Lieutenant Hayes, who had charge of my papers, immediately left for the North, and I have never seen him since the engagement. He supposed, undoubtedly, not hearing of me at once, that I was dead; and indeed, Hope, I thought I was very near death myself when I fell with my horse in that last charge. But I was only stunned and wounded, and managed to escape in spite of it. But, Hope, the most marvelous part of the story is yet untold." He drew from his breast a pair of mittens—brown mittens, with Magenta gauntlets. How well she remembered them, and shuddered as she remembered!

"Nay, do not tremble, Hope; these mittens saved my life." He unfolded them, and showed a pressure, round and even, with the threads broken and worn in its centre. "The ball which made this glanced off and lodged in my belt. If it had entered where it struck I should not be here, for it was just against my heart. The actual wound which I received was in my left shoulder, and was neither deep nor dangerous."

Briefly he went over his thoughts and emotions on the eve of the battle. The tears flowed down her cheeks as he added,

"God's providence guided me, Hope, I earnestly believe. He could have chosen no dearer instrument than you."

If Kitty Mills was amazed at this *dénouement*, she kept it carefully to herself; but Will wickedly declares that she is outwitted for once; and his sly allusions, as they sit over their cups at breakfast, produce the inevitable result—he kicks the table-legs and quarrels with Kitty.

TWO NIGHTS IN THE CATACOMBS.

IT is rather difficult to obtain access to the catacombs of Paris, simply, I believe, because the Government consider that it is morbid and valueless curiosity which induces people to desire to visit such a spot; but there is an impression, more or less prevalent in the French provinces, that the reason why so many difficulties are thrown in the way of paying a visit to these gigantic galleries is owing to the fact that there is an entry into this underground world from the palace of the Tuileries. The provincials reverently believe that the reigning potentate, whether king or emperor, is afraid of assassins being able to penetrate into the palace by this entry if the catacombs become publicly known, and their intricacies made comprehensible. Say to any one of these provincials that the case would be met by blocking up this palatial entrance to the vaults, and you will get in return a violent shake of the head. "No, no," your countryman will answer; "if majesty is afraid of assassins entering *from* the catacombs, remember the catacombs would give a means of escaping if assassins, in the shape of rebels, entered at the open gate. No, no—*they'll* not block up the palace entrance to the catacombs. No, no!"

Let this be as it may, it is certain that I and a party of four, exclusive of the guide, obtained permission to visit underground Paris. And it is worthy of remark, as illustrating upon what small hinges serious events turn, that if I had not said the following words to the cabman who took me to the entrance, I should never have had to endure what I am about to describe. These words were: "If I do not return in half an hour, drive off." So saying, I paid the man in advance for waiting, and followed my party to the entrance-door, which was of heavy wood.

My reason for retaining the cabman was this: I had been waiting some days for the official permission to visit the catacombs, and on the very morning when it arrived I was preparing to start for London upon business of moment. Now the train started at twelve, and the written permit arrived at ten. I was undesirous of losing the opportunity for my underground exploration, and I was desirous of starting by the twelve o'clock train. I therefore came to the conclusion that if half an hour in the catacombs (from eleven to half past) would satisfy me, I could then catch the train by twelve if I had a cab ready: whereas if I found the exploration sufficiently attractive to occupy more time, I would then defer my departure until the evening.

I found the catacombs extraordinary, but monotonous. Every body knows that they were originally the stone mines which supplied the building material of Paris; in fact, it has been aptly said that Paris has been built of her own entrails. Let there be the least volcanic shock below Paris—she lies in a volcanic line—and her stupendous palaces, her whole being, would be swallowed in the tomb she herself has excavated.

At the beginning of this century Napoleon decreed extra-mural interment, and all the grave-yards within the walls of Paris were broken up and built over. The bones of centuries were moved into the catacombs. Millions of the bones of dead French were carried thither, and fantastically arranged. The visitor passes between two walls of skulls, which all seem to stare at him with a ghastly blind stare.

Ten minutes were quite enough to satisfy my curiosity; but our guide, true to his trade, kept on making the widest promises of coming wonders, and, as a couple of my party were ladies, I need not add that the party's curiosity was stimulated by the assertions of our leader.

We each carried a little lamp, and we looked an odd group.

"Well," said I, at last, "I really think I will leave you to your promenade. I can find my way back, I feel sure, and I have yet time to catch the train."

The guide laughed at the idea of my finding my way back to the entrance. I looked at my watch. It wanted ten minutes to the half hour; if I did not go back at once, the cab would be gone.

We had passed many transverse passages in our way; indeed, the catacombs, as I saw them, seemed a wide street, intersected at regular intervals by smaller streets, and courts, and alleys. I was the last of my party, and perhaps, reluctant as I felt to go on, I lagged behind. At all events, I was looking about me from one side to the other, when, as the lamp of my companions crossed one of the transverse cuttings, I noticed, a few steps along this passage, an immense skull, in which all the teeth were singularly perfect, white, and gleaming. I turned into the passage, meaning to inspect this skull more narrowly, when, as I moved my head toward it, a horrible rat, frightened at my presence, leaped, in its fright, against my cheek. I fell as though I had been shot. We all have antipathies, more or less, and my antipathy is rats. I abhor them. I am almost ashamed to say it, but the shock of the sudden appearance and touch of that rat caused me to faint. I must have lost my senses for many minutes.

When I knew myself again I was utterly in the dark. The blackness seemed absolutely to hit me. I heard not a sound at first; then a rumbling; it was a passing carriage rolling above my horrible tomb. For a few moments, I think, I lost my consciousness once more. I am not sure, however, on this point. Having again recovered it, I endeavored to grasp the full truth of my position.

My friends were not near me, that was certain.

Now, had they left the catacombs, or were they searching for me? That they discovered they had lost me, almost immediately after I had fainted, seemed to me certain. Then how was it they had left the spot near which they had last seen me? It was certain that, in looking for me, they would take the line we had traversed. Then why had they not found me? Suddenly the awful truth flashed upon me. They had thought, after calling to me many times and receiving no answer, that I *had* tried to make my way to the entrance. When they reached it the half hour was ended, and, the driver being gone, they had believed him to have taken me away, and so supposed me on my road to England.

It was a terrible knowledge to gain, but I did not utterly despair. I felt sure that the alarm would be taken before I had been long enough in my living tomb to die of starvation. But to pass even four or five days underground, without food or water, in a darkness which was positively maddening—

I could not remain inactive; I *must* do something. What could I do?

My first question was, should I remain where I lay? In the first place, such inaction would kill me; in the second, it was needless; for, as when the alarm should be taken, every inch of this subterranean world would be searched till I should be found, it mattered not whither I might have wandered—I should be equally safe any where.

I got up, stretched my hand, and touched the wall of skulls. I shrank to the ground again. A few moments, and I conquered my cowardice. I declare to you that within a few moments, and purely by dint of gravely and kindly reasoning with myself, I was able to touch the dead about me with absolute calmness; nay, I could run my hand over the shape of the skull with a kind of curiosity.

My lamp was shivered into a thousand pieces. I can not tell to this day how it was my companions did not hear the crash. I can only suppose that a carriage was rumbling along the road overhead when I fell.

Suddenly I thought of the rat. If the horrible thing came toward me, what should I do? The thought was parent to the belief that the execrable thing was there. I struck out instinctively, and, my hand coming upon some of the broken glass of the lamp, it was cut, and I felt blood flowing from the wounds. I bound my handkerchief, my gloves, my cravat, round and round the wounds, rather than a drop of my life's blood should fall, to become food for the horrible creature that had brought me to this pass.

But I felt I must move—I must seek to free myself while help was coming. Which way should I turn?

I remembered that I had entered the passage on my right, and that the skull was on the left; then, to leave it, in order to reach the road by which we had come, I must let it be on my right hand, and when I had reached the road I must turn to the left. I soon discovered the inordinately large skull, left it on my right, and groped my way the few steps to the roadway. I knew when I reached it by the angle of bones. Immediately my highly-pitched senses perceived a change. My right cheek experienced an increase of temperature. Mind—my *right* cheek.

I asked myself to what this change could be attributable? I soon answered myself. It was a current of air from the outer world. Now, thought I, this current of air—for current it was, though I could detect no movement in the atmosphere—must come from an opening; that opening must be at or near a door; then, if I follow up against this current, I shall ultimately reach the spot at which it enters.

Next moment I know I must have turned pale, for when I turned full face toward the current I could detect no difference of temperature. It required a contrast between the two cheeks, as it were, to ascertain the difference. I have since been told by a scientific friend that this can be accounted for. The nerves of the face, when I stood sideways, were struck by the current laterally, and therefore not so naturally as when the face was set toward it; because, as all the provisions of nature exhibit preservation of forces, the nerves of the face, in meeting the wind, naturally—that is, when the man is walking—are so placed in relation to the wind as to offer the least possible amount of nervous surface to its influence.

As suddenly as I had been struck with the cause of the current I obtained another means of ascertaining my way. I turned to the wall of skulls which flanked the main road, and against which my right hand still was. Now I thought that side of each skull which receives the warm current, precisely as my face received it, will, from its action, be drier than the other side, which has been infinitely less open to the influence of the comparatively drying influence of this external atmosphere.

It was as I thought. The right side of the skull—that is, the side which was right when I stood with my back to the wall—was smoother than the left; so it was with twenty other skulls. I was not in error, and my heart beat wildly. It was clear, let me follow this clew, and sooner or later it must lead me to the entrance.

But there was a fault!

I knew that we had come along the road which lay to my left; the current blew from the right. One of two causes accounted for this. Either I had become confused in my memory of the locality, and the right was my road, or there was more than one entrance to these vaults. I decided to move to the right. I never learned afterward how many miles I really did travel; to me it seemed hundreds. I went on and on—sometimes rapidly, sometimes slowly, but always surely. I knew that sooner or later I must come to a door. When I came to one of the transverse cuttings, of course I had to make several steps at random. The duration of those steps seemed years. My fingers trembled with agony until they touched once more the reassuring line of skulls. Sometimes I missed the clew both of the drier side of the skull and the test of heat on my face by turning it sideways, but I soon regained it by continuing on. I suppose that at those times I was skirting curves. How many hours I spent in that wondrous walk, that logical deduction, if so I may call it, I only knew when I was once more in the open air. If I had sat down and *waited* for help I should either have gone mad or idiotic, or have killed myself. Depend on it, reader, no matter how bad your condition, in whatever fix you may be placed, there is no help like your own.

I used to hear—I am speaking of my incarceration as though it lasted months—I used to hear the rumbling of the carriages overhead more or less distinctly, according to the depth of the stone above me. Yet it was company. That was the only noise which broke my silence.

Reverting to that current once more, it was astonishing how easily I learned its growing force, for I concentrated my whole mind upon the lesson. Ultimately, I could almost calculate the increase in its motion and temperature which so many hundred steps would yield. At last, suddenly, without any warning, the line of skulls ceased, and I touched WOOD!

It was a door of open lattice-work.

All looked dark beyond! But I knew I was at the exit. I had known that for many thousands of steps—many; and yet, when I touched the door, how I started!

What a celestial glory the day had as it broke upon my eyes, streaming in exquisite blue rays through the chinks of the outer door, which was beyond the lattice-work! I have no occasion to tell how I broke that lattice-work, how I hammered at the outer door, how I was at last released in the presence of half a dozen gens d'armes (who had drawn their swords), and of a score of wondering workmen.

This was not the gate by which I had entered. If I had been immured forty-two hours (as they told me), I had passed *two nights* in the catacombs, and all that time I had never once sat down.

I found my friends in a great fright. They had only just learned, by telegraph, that I had not reached England, and that nobody in London knew any thing about me. I was ill for some time, of course; but I recovered to claim the distinction of having touched more skulls than any other man living.

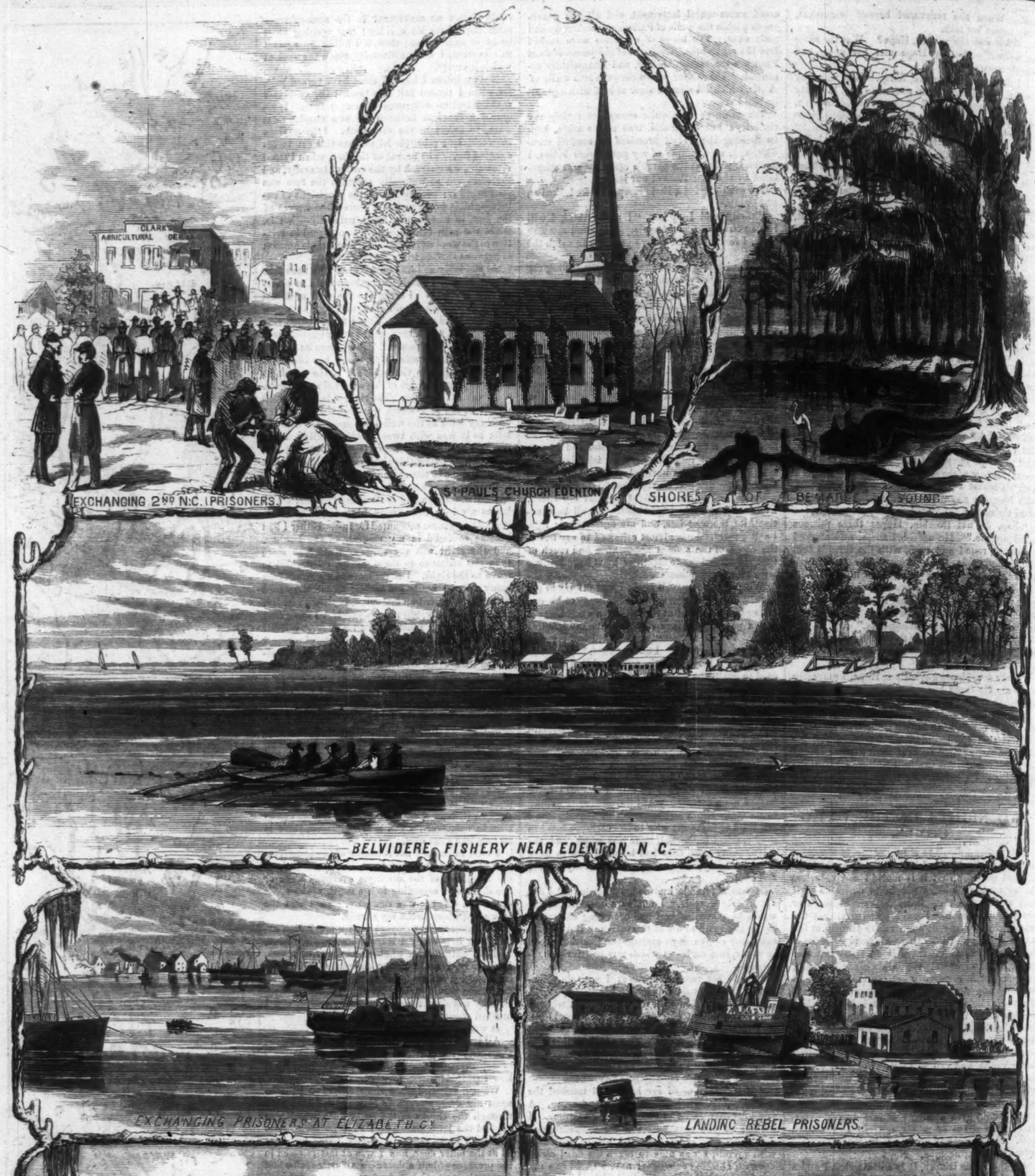
THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION.

WE devote page 172 to illustrations of EDENTON, ELIZABETH CITY, etc., and other scenes in the progress of the Burnside Expedition, chiefly from sketches by our correspondent, Mr. Angelo Wiser.

Edenton was occupied by Lieutenant Maury, of our gun-boat service, on 12th ult.

Elizabeth City, where General Burnside has exchanged prisoners with the rebels, is the capital of Pasquotank County, North Carolina, on the right bank of the Pasquotank River, about 20 miles from its mouth. It is 225 miles from Raleigh, and 50 south of Norfolk, Virginia. It is one of the most considerable towns in the northeastern part of the State. The population was about 3000, and it contained two banks, two or three printing-offices, and several churches. There was a large amount of Government stores in the place, which were destroyed by the rebels on the appearance of our gun-boats. It was at Elizabeth City that Commander Rowan met and destroyed the enemy's fleet in Albemarle Sound.

MISSISSIPPI RIVER FROM CAIRO TO MEMPHIS.



THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION—Sketched by Mr. A. Wiser and Others.—[See Page 1[illegible].]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

THE FIRST SCENE.

COMBE-RAVEN, SOMERSETSHIRE.

CHAPTER I.

THE hands on the hall clock pointed to half past six in the morning. The house was a country residence in West Somersetshire, called Combe-Raven. The day was the 4th of March, and the year was eighteen hundred and forty-six.

No sounds but the steady ticking of the clock, and the lumpish snoring of a large dog stretched on a mat outside the dining-room door, disturbed the mysterious morning stillness of hall and staircase. Who were the sleepers hidden in the upper regions? Let the house reveal its own secrets, and one by one, as they descend the stairs from their beds, let the sleepers disclose themselves.

As the clock pointed to a quarter to seven the dog woke and shook himself. After waiting in vain for the footman, who was accustomed to let him out, the animal wandered restlessly from one closed door to another on the ground-floor; and, returning to his mat in great perplexity, appealed to the sleeping family with a long and melancholy howl.

Before the last notes of the dog's remonstrance had died away the oaken stairs in the higher regions of the house creaked under slowly-descending footsteps. In a minute more the first of the female servants made her appearance, with a dingy woolen shawl over her shoulders—for the March morning was bleak, and rheumatism and the cook were old acquaintances.

Receiving the dog's first cordial advances with the worst possible grace, the cook slowly opened the hall door and let the animal out. It was a wild morning. Over a spacious lawn, and behind a black plantation of firs, the rising sun rent its way upward through piles of ragged gray cloud; heavy drops of rain fell few and far between; the March wind shuddered round the corners of the house, and the wet trees swayed wearily.

Seven o'clock struck, and the signs of domestic life began to show themselves in more rapid succession.

The house-maid came down—tall and slim, with the state of the spring temperature written redly on her nose. The lady's-maid followed—young, smart, plump, and sleepy. The kitchen-maid came next—afflicted with the face-ache, and making no secret of her sufferings. Last of all the footman appeared, yawning disconsolately—the living picture of a man who felt that he had been defrauded of his fair night's rest.

The conversation of the servants when they assembled before the slowly-lighting kitchen fire referred to a recent family event, and turned at starting on this question: Had Thomas, the footman, seen any thing of the concert at Clifton, at which his master and the two young ladies had been present on the previous night? Yes, Thomas had heard the concert; he had been paid for to go in at the back; it was a loud concert; it was a hot concert; it was described at the top of the bills as Grand; whether it was worth traveling sixteen miles to hear by railway, with the additional hardship of going back nineteen miles by road at half past one in the morning, was a question which he would leave his master and the young ladies to decide; his own opinion, in the mean time, being unhesitatingly No. Further inquiries on the part of all the female servants in succession elicited no additional information of any sort. Thomas could hum none of the songs, and could describe none of the ladies' dresses. His audience accordingly gave him up in despair; and the kitchen small-talk flowed back into its ordinary channels, until the clock struck eight, and startled the assembled servants into separating for their morning's work.

A quarter past eight, and nothing happened. Half past—and more signs of life appeared from the bedroom regions. The next member of the family who came down stairs was Mr. Andrew Vanstone, the master of the house.

Tall, stout, and upright—with bright blue eyes, and healthy, florid complexion—his brown plush shooting-jacket carelessly buttoned awry; his vixenish little Scotch terrier barking unrebuked at his heels; one hand thrust into his waistcoat pocket, and the other smacking the balusters cheerfully as he came down stairs humming a tune—Mr. Vanstone showed his character on the surface of him freely to all men. An easy, hearty, handsome, good-humored gentleman, who walked on the sunny side of the way of life, and who asked nothing better than to meet all his fellow-passengers in this world on the sunny side too. Estimating him by years, he had turned fifty. Judging him by lightness of heart, strength of constitution, and capacity for enjoyment, he was no older than most men who have only turned thirty.

"Thomas!" cried Mr. Vanstone, taking up his old felt hat and his thick walking-stick from the hall-table. "Breakfast this morning at ten. The young ladies are not likely to be down earlier after the concert last night. By-the-by, how did you like the concert yourself, eh? You thought it was Grand? Quite right; so it was. Nothing but Crash-Bang, varied now and then by Bang-Crash; all the women dressed within an inch of their lives; smothering heat, blazing gas, and no room for any body—yes, yes, Thomas: Grand's the word for it, and Comfortable isn't." With that expression of opinion Mr. Vanstone whistled to his vixenish terrier, flourished his stick at the hall-door in cheerful defiance of the rain, and set off through wind and weather for his morning walk.

The hands, stealing their steady way round the dial of the clock, pointed to ten minutes to nine. Another member of the family appeared on the stairs—Miss Garth, the governess.

No observant eyes could have surveyed Miss Garth without seeing at once that she was a north-countrywoman. Her hard-featured face; her masculine readiness and decision of movement; her obstinate honesty of look and manner, all proclaimed her border birth and border training. Though little more than forty years of age, her hair was quite gray; and she wore over it the plain cap of an old woman. Neither hair nor head-dress was out of harmony with her face—it looked older than her years; the hard handwriting of trouble had scored it heavily at some past time. The self-possession of her progress down the stairs, and the air of habitual authority with which she looked about her, spoke well for her position in Mr. Vanstone's family. This was evidently not one of the forlorn, persecuted, pitiably dependent order of governesses. Here was a woman who lived on ascertained and honorable terms with her employers—a woman who looked capable of sending any parents in England to the right about if they failed to rate her at her proper value.

"Breakfast at ten?" repeated Miss Garth, when the footman had answered the bell, and had mentioned his master's orders. "Ha! I thought what would come of that concert last night. When people who live in the country patronize public amusements, public amusements return the compliment by upsetting the family afterward for days together. *You're* upset, Thomas, I can see—your eyes are as red as a ferret's, and your cravat looks as if you had slept in it. Bring the kettle at a quarter to ten; and if you don't get better in the course of the day, come to me and I'll give you a dose of physic. That's a well-meaning lad, if you only let him alone," continued Miss Garth, in soliloquy, when Thomas had retired; "but he's not strong enough for concerts twenty miles off. They wanted *me* to go with them last night. Yes: catch me!"

Nine o'clock struck; and the minute-hand stole on to twenty minutes past the hour before any more footsteps were heard on the stairs. At the end of that time two ladies appeared, descending to the breakfast-room together—Mrs. Vanstone and her eldest daughter.

If the personal attractions of Mrs. Vanstone, at an earlier period of life, had depended solely on her native English charms of complexion and freshness, she must have long since lost the last relics of her fairer self. But her beauty, as a young woman, had passed beyond the average national limits, and she still preserved the advantage of her more exceptional personal gifts. Although she was now in her forty-fourth year, although she had been tried, in by-gone times, by the premature loss of more than one of her children, and by long attacks of illness which had followed those bereavements of former years, she still preserved the fair proportion and subtle delicacy of feature once associated with the all-adorning brightness and freshness of beauty, which had left her never to return. Her eldest child, now descending the stairs by her side, was the mirror in which she could look back and see again the reflection of her own youth. There, folded thick on the daughter's head, lay the massive dark hair which, on the mother's, was fast turning gray. There, in the daughter's cheek, glowed the lovely dusky red which had faded from the mother's, to bloom again no more. Miss Vanstone had already reached the first maturity of womanhood: she had completed her six-and-twentieth year. Inheriting the dark, majestic character of her mother's beauty, she had yet hardly inherited all its charms. Though the shape of her face was the same, the features were scarcely so delicate, their proportion was scarcely so true. She was not so tall. She had the dark brown eyes of her mother—full and soft, with the steady lustre in them which Mrs. Vanstone's eyes had lost—and yet there was less interest, less refinement and depth of feeling in her expression: it was gentle and feminine, but clouded by a certain quiet reserve, from which her mother's face was free. If we dare to look closely enough, may we not observe that the moral force of character and the higher intellectual capacities in parents seem often to wear out mysteriously in the course of transmission to children? In these days of insidious nervous exhaustion and subtly-spreading nervous malady, is it not possible that the same rule may apply, less rarely than we are willing to admit, to the bodily gifts as well?

The mother and daughter slowly descended the stairs together—the first dressed in dark brown, with an Indian shawl thrown over her shoulders; the second more simply attired in black, with a plain collar and cuffs, and a dark orange-colored ribbon over the bosom of her dress. As they crossed the hall and entered the breakfast-room Miss Vanstone was full of the all-absorbing subject of the last night's concert.

"I am so sorry, mamma, you were not with us," she said. "You have been so strong and so well ever since last summer—you have felt so many years younger, as you said yourself—that I am sure the exertion would not have been too much for you."

"Perhaps not, my love; but it was as well to keep on the safe side."

"Quite as well," remarked Miss Garth, appearing at the breakfast-room door. "Look at Norah (good-morning, my dear)—look, I say, at Norah. A perfect wreck; a living proof of your wisdom and mine in staying at home. The vile gas, the foul air, the late hours—what can you expect? She's not made of iron, and she suffers accordingly. No, my dear, you needn't deny it. I see you've got a headache."

Norah's dark, handsome face brightened into a smile, then lightly clouded again with its accustomed quiet reserve.

"A very little headache; not half enough to make me regret the concert," she said, and walked away by herself to the window.

On the far side of a garden and paddock the view overlooked a stream, some farm-buildings which lay beyond, and the opening of a wooded rocky pass (called, in Somersetshire, a Combe), which here cleft its way through the hills that closed the prospect. A winding strip of road was visible, at no great distance, amidst the undulations of the open ground; and along this strip the stalwart figure of Mr. Vanstone was now easily recognizable, returning to the house from his morning walk. He flourished his stick gayly as he observed his eldest daughter at the window. She nodded and waved her hand in return, very gracefully and prettily, but with something of old-fashioned formality in her manner, which looked strangely in so young a woman, and which seemed out of harmony with a salutation addressed to her father.

The hall clock struck the adjourned breakfast-hour. When the minute-hand had recorded the lapse of five minutes more, a door banged in the bedroom regions—a clear young voice was heard singing blithely—light, rapid footsteps pattered on the upper stairs, descended with a jump to the landing, and pattered again, faster than ever, down the lower flight. In another moment the youngest of Mr. Vanstone's two daughters (and two only surviving children) dashed into view on the dingy old oaken stairs with the suddenness of a flash of light, and clearing the last three steps into the hall at a jump, presented herself breathless in the breakfast-room, to make the family circle complete.

By one of those strange caprices of Nature, which science leaves still unexplained, the youngest of Mr. Vanstone's children presented no recognizable resemblance to either of her parents. How had she come by her hair? how had she come by her eyes? Even her father and mother had asked themselves those questions as she grew up to girlhood, and had been sorely perplexed to answer them. Her hair was of that purely light-brown hue—unmixed with flaxen, or yellow, or red—which is oftener seen on the plumage of a bird than on the head of a human being. It was soft and plentiful, and waved downward from her low forehead in regular folds; but, to some tastes, it was dull and dead, in its absolute want of glossiness, in its monotonous purity of plain light color. Her eyebrows and eyelashes were just a shade darker than her hair, and seemed made expressly for those violet-blue eyes, which assert their most irresistible charm when associated with a fair complexion. But it was here exactly that the promise of her face failed of performance in the most startling manner. The eyes, which should have been dark, were incomprehensibly and discordantly light: they were of that nearly colorless gray which, though little attractive in itself, possesses the rare compensating merit of interpreting the finest gradations of thought, the gentlest changes of feeling, the deepest trouble of passion, with a subtle transparency of expression which no darker eyes can rival. Thus quaintly self-contradictory in the upper part of her face, she was hardly less at variance with established ideas of harmony in the lower. Her lips had the true feminine delicacy of form, her cheeks the lovely roundness and smoothness of youth; but the mouth was too large and firm, the chin too square and massive for her sex and age. Her complexion partook of the pure monotony of tint which characterized her hair—it was of the same soft, warm, creamy fairness all over, without a tinge of color in the cheeks, except on occasions of unusual bodily exertion, or sudden mental disturbance. The whole countenance—so remarkable in its strongly-opposed characteristics—was rendered additionally striking by its extraordinary mobility. The large, electric, light-gray eyes were hardly ever in repose; all varieties of expression followed each other over the plastic, ever-changing face, with a giddy rapidity which left sober analysis far behind in the race. The girl's exuberant vitality asserted itself all over her, from head to foot. Her figure—taller than her sister's, taller than the average of woman's height; instinct with such a seductive, serpentine suppleness, so lightly and playfully graceful that its movements suggested, not unnaturally, the movements of a young cat—her figure was so perfectly developed already that no one who saw her could have supposed that she was only eighteen. She bloomed in the full physical maturity of twenty years or more—bloomed naturally and irresistibly, in right of her matchless health and strength. Here, in fact, lay the mainspring of this strangely-constituted organization. Her headlong course down the house-stairs; the brisk activity of all her movements; the incessant sparkle of expression in her face; the enticing gayety which took the hearts of the quietest people by storm—even the reckless delight in bright colors, which showed itself in her brilliantly-striped morning-dress, in her fluttering ribbons, in the large scarlet rosettes on her smart little shoes—all sprang alike from the same source; from the overflowing physical health which strengthened every muscle, braced every nerve, and set the warm young blood tingling

CAPTAIN WRAGGE. POST-OFFICE, BRISTOL.

through her veins like the blood of a growing child.

On her entry into the breakfast-room she was saluted with the customary remonstrance which her flightly disregard of all punctuality habitually provoked from the long-suffering household authorities. In Miss Garth's favorite phrase, "Magdalen was born with all the senses—except a sense of order."

Magdalen! It was a strange name to have given her? Strange indeed; and yet chosen under no extraordinary circumstances. The name had been borne by one of Mr. Vanstone's sisters, who had died in early youth; and in affectionate remembrance of her he had called his second daughter by it—just as he had called his eldest daughter Norah for his wife's sake. Magdalen! Surely the grand old Bible name—suggestive of a sad and sombre dignity; recalling, in its first association, mournful ideas of penitence and seclusion—had been here, as events had turned out, inappropriately bestowed! Surely this self-contradictory girl had perversely accomplished one contradiction more by developing into a character which was out of all harmony with her own Christian name!

"Late again!" said Mrs. Vanstone, as Magdalen breathlessly kissed her.

"Late again!" chimed in Miss Garth, when Magdalen came her way next. "Well?" she went on, taking the girl's chin familiarly in her hand, with a half-satirical, half-fond attention which betrayed that the youngest daughter, with all her faults, was the governess's favorite—"Well? and what has the concert done for *you?* What form of suffering has dissipation inflicted on *your* system this morning?"

"Suffering!" repeated Magdalen, recovering her breath, and the use of her tongue with it. "I don't know the meaning of the word: if there's any thing the matter with me, I'm too well. Suffering! I'm ready for another concert to-night, and a ball to-morrow, and a play the day after. Oh," cried Magdalen, dropping into a chair, and crossing her hands rapturously on the table, "how I do like pleasure!"

"Come! that's explicit, at any rate," said Miss Garth. "I think Pope must have had you in his mind when he wrote his famous lines:

"'Men some to business, some to pleasure take,
But every woman is at heart a rake.'"

"The deuce she is!" cried Mr. Vanstone, entering the room while Miss Garth was making her quotation, with the dogs at his heels. "Well; live and learn. If you're all rakes, Miss Garth, the sexes are turned topsy-turvy with a vengeance, and the men will have nothing left for it but to stop at home and darn the stockings.—Let's have some breakfast."

"How-d'ye-do, papa?" said Magdalen, taking Mr. Vanstone as boisterously round the neck as if he belonged to some larger order of Newfoundland dog, and was made to be romped with at his daughter's convenience. "I'm the rake Miss Garth means; and I want to go to another concert—or a play, if you like—or a ball, if you prefer it—or any thing else in the way of amusement that puts me into a new dress, and plunges me into a crowd of people, and illuminates me with plenty of light, and sets me in a tingle of excitement all over, from head to foot. Any thing will do, as long as it doesn't send us to bed at eleven o'clock."

Mr. Vanstone sat down composedly under his daughter's flow of language, like a man who was well used to verbal inundation from that quarter. "If I am to be allowed my choice of amusements next time," said the worthy gentleman, "I think a play will suit me better than a concert. The girls enjoyed themselves amazingly, my dear," he continued, addressing his wife. "More than I did, I must say. It was altogether above my mark. They played one piece of music which lasted forty minutes. It stopped three times by the way; and we all thought it was done each time, and clapped our hands, rejoiced to be rid of it. But on it went again, to our great surprise and mortification, till we gave it up in despair, and all wished ourselves at Jericho. Norah, my dear, when we had Crash-Bang for forty minutes, with three stoppages by the way, what did they call it?"

"A Symphony, papa," replied Norah.

"Yes, you darling old Goth, a Symphony by the great Beethoven!" added Magdalen. "How can you say you were not amused? Have you forgotten the yellow-looking foreign woman, with the unpronounceable name? Don't you remember the faces she made when she sang? and the way she courtesied and courtesied, till she cheated the foolish people into crying encore? Look here, mamma—look here, Miss Garth!"

She snatched up an empty plate from the table to represent a sheet of music, held it before her in the established concert-room position, and produced an imitation of the unfortunate singer's grimaces and courtesyings so accurately and quaintly true to the original, that her father roared with laughter; and even the footman (who came in at that moment with the post-bag) rushed out of the room again, and committed the indecorum of echoing his master audibly on the other side of the door.

"Letters, papa. I want the key," said Magdalen, passing from the imitation at the breakfast-table to the post-bag on the sideboard with the easy abruptness which characterized all her actions.

Mr. Vanstone searched his pockets and shook his head. Though his youngest daughter might resemble him in nothing else, it was easy to see where Magdalen's unmethodical habits came from.

"I dare say I have left it in the library, along with my other keys," said Mr. Vanstone. "Go and look for it, my dear."

"You really should check Magdalen," pleaded Mrs. Vanstone, addressing her husband, when her daughter had left the room. "Those habits of mimicry are growing on her, and she speaks to you with a levity which it is positively shocking to hear."

"Exactly what I have said myself, till I am tired of repeating it," remarked Miss Garth. "She treats Mr. Vanstone as if he was a kind of younger brother of hers."

"You are kind to us in every thing else, papa; and you make kind allowance for Magdalen's high spirits—don't you?" said the quiet Norah, taking her father's part and her sister's, with so little show of resolution on the surface, that few observers would have been sharp enough to detect the genuine substance beneath it.

"Thank you, my dear," said good-natured Mr. Vanstone. "Thank you, for a very pretty speech. As for Magdalen," he continued, addressing his wife and Miss Garth, "she's an unbroken filly. Let her caper and kick in the paddock to her heart's content. Time enough to break her to harness when she gets a little older."

The door opened, and Magdalen returned with the key. She unlocked the post-bag at the sideboard and poured out the letters in a heap. Sorting them gayly in less than a minute, she approached the breakfast-table with both hands full, and delivered the letters all round with the business-like rapidity of a London postman.

"Two for Norah," she announced, beginning with her sister. "Three for Miss Garth. None for mamma. One for me. And the other six all for papa. You lazy old darling, you hate answering letters, don't you?" pursued Magdalen, dropping the postman's character and assuming the daughter's. "How you will grumble and fidget in the study! and how you will wish there were no such things as letters in the world! and how red your nice old bald head will get at the top with the worry of writing the answers! and how many of the answers you will leave until to-morrow, after all! *The Bristol Theatre's open, papa,*" she whispered, slyly and suddenly in her father's ear; "I saw it in the newspaper when I went to the library to get the key. Let's go to-morrow night!"

While his daughter was chattering Mr. Vanstone was mechanically sorting his letters. He turned over the first four in succession, and looked carelessly at the addresses. When he came to the fifth, his attention, which had hitherto wandered toward Magdalen, suddenly became fixed on the post-mark of the letter.

Stooping over him, with her head on his shoulder, Magdalen could see the post-mark as plainly as her father saw it—New Orleans.

"An American letter, papa!" she said. "Who do you know at New Orleans?"

Mrs. Vanstone started, and looked eagerly at her husband the moment Magdalen spoke those words.

Mr. Vanstone said nothing. He quietly removed his daughter's arm from his neck, as if he wished to be free from all interruption. She returned accordingly to her place at the breakfast-table. Her father, with the letter in his hand, waited a little before he opened it; her mother looking at him the while with an eager, expectant attention, which attracted Miss Garth's notice and Norah's as well as Magdalen's.

After a minute or more of hesitation Mr. Vanstone opened the letter.

His face changed color the instant he read the first lines; his cheeks fading to a dull, yellow-brown hue, which would have been ashy paleness in a less florid man; and his expression becoming saddened and overclouded in a moment. Norah and Magdalen, watching anxiously, saw nothing but the change that passed over their father. Miss Garth alone observed the effect which that change produced on the attentive mistress of the house.

It was not the effect which she, or any one, could have anticipated. Mrs. Vanstone looked excited rather than alarmed. A faint flush rose on her cheeks—her eyes brightened—she stirred the tea round and round in her cup in a restless, impatient manner which was not natural to her.

Magdalen, in her capacity of spoiled child, was, as usual, the first to break the silence.

"What *is* the matter, papa?" she asked.

"Nothing," said Mr. Vanstone, sharply, without looking up at her.

"I'm sure there must be something," persisted Magdalen. "I'm sure there is bad news, papa, in that American letter."

"There is nothing in the letter that concerns *you*," said Mr. Vanstone.

It was the first direct rebuff that Magdalen had ever received from her father. She looked at him with an incredulous surprise, which would have been irresistibly absurd under less serious circumstances.

Nothing more was said. For the first time, perhaps, in their lives, the family sat round the breakfast-table in painful silence. Mr. Vanstone's hearty morning appetite, like his hearty morning spirits, was gone. He absently broke off some morsels of dry toast from the rack near him, absently finished his first cup of tea, then asked for a second, which he left before him untouched.

"Norah," he said, after an interval, "you needn't wait for me. Magdalen, my dear, you can go when you like."

His daughters rose immediately, and Miss Garth considerately followed their example. When an easy-tempered man does assert himself in his family, the rarity of the demonstration invariably has its effect; and the will of that easy-tempered man is Law.

"What can have happened?" whispered Norah, as they closed the breakfast-room door and crossed the hall.

"What does papa mean by being cross with Me?" exclaimed Magdalen, chafing under a sense of her own injuries.

"May I ask what right you had to pry into your father's private affairs?" retorted Miss Garth.

"Right?" repeated Magdalen. "I have no secrets from papa—what business has papa to have secrets from me! I consider myself insulted."

"If you considered yourself properly reproved for not minding your own business," said the plain-spoken Miss Garth, "you would be a trifle nearer the truth. Ah! you're like all the rest of the girls in the present day. Not one in a hundred of you knows which end of her's uppermost."

The three ladies entered the morning-room; and Magdalen acknowledged Miss Garth's reproof by banging the door.

Half an hour passed, and neither Mr. Vanstone nor his wife left the breakfast-room. The servant, ignorant of what had happened, went in to clear the table—found his master and mistress seated close together in deep consultation—and immediately went out again. Another quarter of an hour elapsed before the breakfast-room door was opened, and the private conference of the husband and wife came to an end.

"I hear mamma in the hall," said Norah. "Perhaps she is coming to tell us something."

Mrs. Vanstone entered the morning-room as her daughter spoke. The color was deeper on her cheeks, and the brightness of half-dried tears glistened in her eyes: her step was more hasty, all her movements were quicker than usual.

"I bring news, my dears, which will surprise you," she said, addressing her daughters. "Your father and I are going to London to-morrow."

Magdalen caught her mother by the arm in speechless astonishment; Miss Garth dropped her work on her lap; even the sedate Norah started to her feet, and amazedly repeated the words, "Going to London!"

"Without us!" added Magdalen.

"Your father and I are going alone," said Mrs. Vanstone. "Perhaps for as long as three weeks—but not longer. We are going"—she hesitated—"we are going on important family business. Don't hold me, Magdalen. This is a sudden necessity—I have a great deal to do to-day—many things to set in order before to-morrow. There, there, my love, let me go."

She drew her arm away; hastily kissed her youngest daughter on the forehead; and at once left the room again. Even Magdalen saw that her mother was not to be coaxed into hearing or answering any more questions.

The morning wore on, and nothing was seen of Mr. Vanstone. With the reckless curiosity of her age and character, Magdalen, in defiance of Miss Garth's prohibition and her sister's remonstrances, determined to go to the study, and look for her father there. When she tried the door it was locked on the inside. She said, "It's only me, papa;" and waited for the answer. "I'm busy now, my dear," was the answer. "Don't disturb me."

Mrs. Vanstone was, in another way, equally inaccessible. She remained in her own room, with the female servants about her, immersed in endless preparations for the approaching departure. The servants, little used in that family to sudden resolutions and unexpected orders, were awkward and confused in obeying directions. They ran from room to room unnecessarily, and lost time and patience in jostling each other on the stairs. If a stranger had entered the house that day, he might have supposed that an unexpected disaster had happened in it, instead of an unexpected necessity for a journey to London. Nothing proceeded in its ordinary routine. Magdalen, who was accustomed to pass the morning at the piano, wandered restlessly about the staircases and passages, and in and out of doors when there were glimpses of fine weather. Norah, whose fondness for reading had passed into a family proverb, took up book after book from table and shelf, and laid them down again, in despair of fixing her attention. Even Miss Garth felt the all-pervading influence of the household disorganization, and sat alone by the morning-room fire, with her head shaking ominously and her work laid aside.

"Family affairs?" thought Miss Garth, pondering over Mrs. Vanstone's vague explanatory words. "I have lived twelve years at Combe-Raven, and these are the first family affairs which have got between the parents and the children in all my experience. What does it mean? Change? I suppose I'm getting old. I don't like change."

CHAPTER II.

At ten o'clock the next morning Norah and Magdalen stood alone in the hall at Combe-Raven watching the departure of the carriage which took their father and mother to the London train.

Up to the last moment both the sisters had hoped for some explanation of that mysterious "family business" to which Mrs. Vanstone had so briefly alluded on the previous day. No such explanation had been offered. Even the agitation of the leave-taking, under circumstances entirely new in the home experience of the parents and children, had not shaken the resolute discretion of Mr. and Mrs. Vanstone. They had gone—with the warmest testimonies of affection, with farewell embraces fervently reiterated again and again—but without dropping one word, from first to last, of the nature of their errand.

As the grating sound of the carriage-wheels ceased suddenly at a turn in the road, the sisters looked one another in the face; each feeling, and each betraying in her own way, the dreary sense that she was openly excluded, for the first time, from the confidence of her parents. Norah's customary reserve strengthened into sullen silence—she sat down in one of the hall chairs and looked out frowningly through the open house-door. Magdalen, as usual when her temper was ruffled, expressed her dissatisfaction in the plainest terms. "I don't care who knows it—I think we are both of us shamefully ill-used!" With those words, the young lady followed her sister's example by seating herself on a hall chair, and looking aimlessly out through the open house-door.

Almost at the same moment Miss Garth entered the hall from the morning-room. Her quick observation showed her the necessity for interfering to some practical purpose, and her ready good sense at once pointed the way.

"Look up, both of you, if you please, and listen to me," said Miss Garth. "If we are all three to be comfortable and happy together, now we are alone, we must stick to our usual habits and go on in our regular way. There is the state of things in plain words. Accept the situation, as the French say. Here am I to set you the example. I have just ordered an excellent dinner at the customary hour. I am going to the medicine-chest next to physic the kitchen-maid—an unwholesome girl, whose face-ache is all stomach. In the mean time, Norah, my dear, you will find your work and your books, as usual, in the library. Magdalen, suppose you leave off tying your handkerchief into knots, and use your fingers on the keys of the piano instead? We'll lunch at one, and take the dogs out afterward. Be as brisk and cheerful, both of you, as I am. Come! rouse up directly! If I see those gloomy faces any longer, as sure as my name's Garth I'll give your mother written warning, and go back to my friends by the mixed train at twelve-forty."

Concluding her address of expostulation in those terms, Miss Garth led Norah to the library door, pushed Magdalen into the morning-room, and went on her own way sternly to the regions of the medicine-chest.

In this half-jesting, half-earnest manner she was accustomed to maintain a sort of friendly authority over Mr. Vanstone's daughters after her proper functions as governess had necessarily come to an end. Norah, it is needless to say, had long since ceased to be her pupil, and Magdalen had by this time completed her education. But Miss Garth had lived too long and too intimately under Mr. Vanstone's roof to be parted with for any purely formal considerations; and the first hint at going away which she had thought it her duty to drop was dismissed with such affectionate warmth of protest that she never repeated it again except in jest. The entire management of the household was, from that time forth, left in her hands; and to those duties she was free to add what companionable assistance she could render to Norah's reading, and what friendly superintendence she could still exercise over Magdalen's music. Such were the terms on which Miss Garth was now a resident in Mr. Vanstone's family.

Toward the afternoon the weather improved. At half past one the sun was shining brightly; and the ladies left the house, accompanied by the dogs, to set forth on their walk.

They crossed the stream, and ascended by the little rocky pass to the hills beyond; then diverged to the left, and returned by a cross-road which led through the village of Combe-Raven.

As they came in sight of the first cottages they passed a man hanging about the road, who looked attentively first at Magdalen, then at Norah. They merely observed that he was short, that he was dressed in black, and that he was a total stranger to them, and continued their homeward walk without thinking more about the loitering foot-passenger whom they had met on their way back.

After they had left the village and had entered the road which led straight to the house, Magdalen surprised Miss Garth by announcing that the stranger in black had turned after they had passed him, and was now following them. "He keeps on Norah's side of the road," she added, mischievously. "I'm not the attraction—don't blame *me*."

Whether the man was really following them or not made little difference, for they were now close to the house. As they passed through the lodge-gates Miss Garth looked round, and saw that the stranger was quickening his pace, apparently with the purpose of entering into conversation. Seeing this, she at once directed the young ladies to go on to the house with the dogs, while she herself waited for events at the gate.

There was just time to complete this discreet arrangement before the stranger reached the lodge. He took off his hat to Miss Garth politely as she turned round. What did he look like on the face of him? He looked like a clergyman in difficulties.

Taking his portrait from top to toe the picture of him began with a tall hat, broadly encircled by a mourning band of crumpled crape. Below the hat was a lean, long, sallow face, deeply pitted with the small-pox, and characterized, very remarkably, by eyes of two different colors—one bilious green, one bilious brown, both sharply intelligent. His hair was iron-gray, carefully brushed round at the temples. His cheeks and chin were in the bluest bloom of smooth shaving; his nose was short Roman; his lips long, thin, and supple, curled up at the corners with a mildly-humorous smile. His white cravat was high, stiff, and dingy; the collar, higher, stiffer, and dingier, projected its rigid points on either side beyond his chin. Lower down, the lithe little figure of the man was arrayed throughout in sober-shabby black. His frock-coat was buttoned tight round the waist, and left to bulge open majestically at the chest. His hands were covered with black cotton gloves neatly darned at the fingers; his umbrella, worn down at the ferule to the last quarter of an inch, was carefully preserved, nevertheless, in an oil-skin case. The front view of him was the view in which he looked oldest; meeting him face to face he might have been esti-

mated at fifty or more. Walking behind him, his back and shoulders were almost young enough to have passed for five-and-thirty. His manners were distinguished by a grave serenity. When he opened his lips, he spoke in a rich bass voice, with an easy flow of language, and a strict attention to the elocutionary claims of words in more than one syllable. Persuasion distilled from his mildly-curling lips; and shabby as he was, perennial flowers of courtesy bloomed all over him from head to foot.

"This is the residence of Mr. Vanstone, I believe?" he began, with a circular wave of his hand in the direction of the house. "Have I the honor of addressing a member of Mr. Vanstone's family?"

"Yes," said the plain-spoken Miss Garth. "You are addressing Mr. Vanstone's governess."

The persuasive man fell back a step—admired Mr. Vanstone's governess—advanced a step again—and continued the conversation.

"And the two young ladies," he went on, "the two young ladies who were walking with you are doubtless Mr. Vanstone's daughters? I recognized the darker of the two, and the elder as I apprehend, by her likeness to her handsome mother. The younger lady—"

"You are acquainted with Mrs. Vanstone, I suppose?" said Miss Garth, interrupting the stranger's flow of language, which, all things considered, was beginning, in her opinion, to flow rather freely. The stranger acknowledged the interruption by one of his polite bows, and submerged Miss Garth in his next sentence as if nothing had happened.

"The younger lady," he proceeded, "takes after her father, I presume? I assure you her face struck me. Looking at it with my friendly interest in the family, I thought it very remarkable. I said to myself—Charming, Characteristic, Memorable. Not like her sister, not like her mother. No doubt the image of her father?"

Once more Miss Garth attempted to stem the man's flow of words. It was plain that he did not know Mr. Vanstone, even by sight—otherwise, he would never have committed the error of supposing that Magdalen took after her father. Did he know Mrs. Vanstone any better? He had left Miss Garth's question on that point unanswered. In the name of wonder, who was he? Powers of impudence! what did he want?

"You may be a friend of the family, though I don't remember your face," said Miss Garth. "What may your commands be, if you please? Did you come here to pay Mrs. Vanstone a visit?"

"I had anticipated the pleasure of communicating with Mrs. Vanstone," answered this inveterately evasive and inveterately civil man. "How is she?"

"Much as usual," said Miss Garth, feeling her resources of politeness fast failing her.

"Is she at home?"

"No."

"Out for long?"

"Gone to London with Mr. Vanstone."

The man's long face suddenly grew longer. His bilious brown eye looked disconcerted, and his bilious green eye followed its example. His manner became palpably anxious; and his choice of words was more carefully selected than ever.

"Is Mrs. Vanstone's absence likely to extend over any very lengthened period?" he inquired.

"It will extend over three weeks," replied Miss Garth. "I think you have now asked me questions enough," she went on, beginning to let her temper get the better of her at last. "Be so good, if you please, as to mention your business and your name. If you have any message to leave for Mrs. Vanstone, I shall be writing to her by to-night's post, and I can take charge of it."

"A thousand thanks! A most valuable suggestion. Permit me to take advantage of it immediately."

He was not in the least affected by the severity of Miss Garth's looks and language—he was simply relieved by her proposal, and he showed it with the most engaging sincerity. This time his bilious green eye took the initiative, and set his bilious brown eye the example of recovered serenity. His curling lips took a new twist upward; he tucked his umbrella briskly under his arm, and produced from the breast of his coat a large old-fashioned black pocket-book. From this he took a pencil and a card—hesitated and considered for a moment—wrote rapidly on the card—and placed it, with the politest alacrity, in Miss Garth's hand.

"I shall feel personally obliged if you will honor me by inclosing that card in your letter," he said. "There is no necessity for my troubling you additionally with a message. My name will be quite sufficient to recall a little family matter to Mrs. Vanstone which has, no doubt, escaped her memory. Accept my best thanks. This has been a day of agreeable surprises to me. I have found the country hereabout remarkably pretty; I have seen Mrs. Vanstone's two charming daughters; I have become acquainted with an honored preceptress in Mr. Vanstone's family. I congratulate myself—I apologize for occupying your valuable time—I beg my renewed acknowledgments—I wish you good-morning!"

He raised his tall hat. His brown eye twinkled, his green eye twinkled, his curly lips smiled sweetly. In a moment he turned on his heel. His youthful back appeared to the best advantage; his active little legs took him away trippingly in the direction of the village. One, two, three—and he reached the turn in the road. Four, five, six, and he was gone.

Miss Garth looked down at the card in her hand, and looked up again in blank astonishment. The name and address of the clerical-looking stranger (both written in pencil) ran as follows:

Captain Wragge. Post-office, Bristol.

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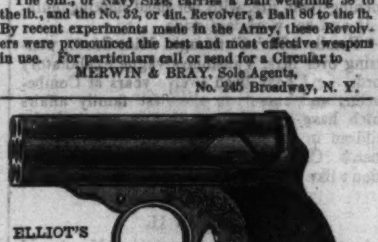

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